

REMINISCENCES

Vol. VIII

Published

Honorably

By W. I. H. S.

Nominally

By The Seniors

Actually

By The Staff

1 9 2 3

REMINISCENCES

Dedication

WILLIAM COTTRILL

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

The above words crystallize the sentiments of the members of the class of 1923, in regard to William Cottrill, in whose memory this page is set apart, and to whom this record of the activities of the school is dedicated.

William was born Dec. 28, 1904 at Clarksburg, attended Clarksburg public schools and entered Washington Irving the fall of 1919. His prowess in athletics was the subject of many favorable comments, and his death in April 1921, was a shock to the student body. As a class we take this opportunity of giving to his parents some tangible evidence of our esteem for him.

REMINISCENCES

Editor's Foreword



WE hope that you may find this book a happy reminder of at least a part of your sojourn on the hill, and may feel that in our efforts we have been true to Washington Irving, to you, whom we serve, and to ourselves whom we find the most severe critics.

REMINISCENCES

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WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL

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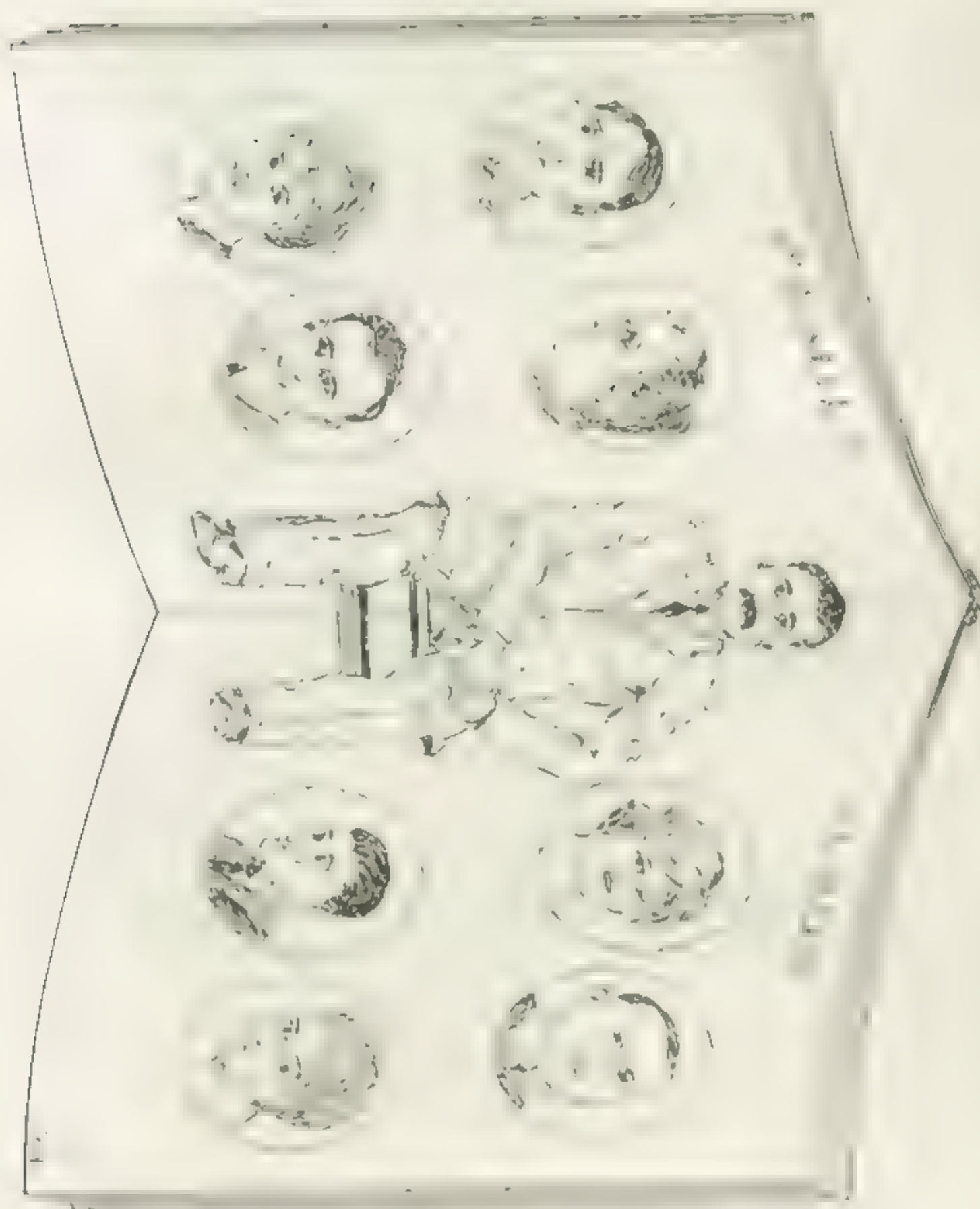
REMINISCENCES



PROF. J. A. JACKSON
Superintendent of Schools

Faculty

DE MINII SCIENTIIS



REMINISCENCES



PROF. ORIE McCONKEY
Principal of High School

DEMINI SCOLNICS



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English

A B. degree equivalent from Seio
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A.B. Muskingum College; Graduate
Student University of Pittsburgh



DEMINISCEMUS



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English

A.B. Wilson College; Taught at
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Latin and French

A.B. West Virginia Wesleyan; At-
tended Columbia University; Taught
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DEMI-SCIENCES



RACHEL C. OGDEN

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REMINISCENCES



HELEN DeBERRY

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Taught in Terra Alta High School

CLARENCE N. CHAPMAN

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A.B. Bethany; Pittsburgh University; Post-graduate work at Chicago University; Principal High School of Verona, Pa. in 1917-18; Taught in academy 1919-1923



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WILLIAM BATES
Chemistry
A. O. S. 1911

PRESTON WELCH
Biology and Botany
B.S. in Education, Ohio University



DE MINUS SCIENTIIS



GUY C. WILSON

History and Civics

A.B. Morris Harvey College; At-
tended W. Va. University; A.B. W.
Va. Wesleyan

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History

A.B. University of Pittsburgh;
Taught in High School of Jeannette,
Pa



DEMI-SCENCES



MARTHA PANTALL

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A.B. Wilson College; Attended W.
Va. University



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English

A.B. West Virginia W.
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REMINISCENCES



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English

A.B. West Virginia University



INEZ M. WORKMAN

French and English

A.B. West Virginia Wesleyan

REMINISCENCES



GRACE ALBRIGHT

Latin

A.B. Ohio University

MARY LATIMER RUHL

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A.B. M.L. Holyoke College; Graduate
"Cours de l'Été," McGill University
Six months' war work in 1915



REMINISCENCES



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Community Civics and History
A.B. West Virginia Wesleyan;
Columbia University.



IDA M. SPAHR
History
Graduated Fairmont State Normal,
Attended West Virginia University

REMINISCENCES



HOMER ROGERS

Biology and Business Arithmetic

Graduate of Braxdus College; Attended W. Va. Wesleyan and West Virginia

ERNEST M. PRITCHARD

Mathematics

WV West Virginia Wesleyan;
Attended Columbia Univer
Taught Lumberport High S
Principal Wyatt High School



REMINISCENCES



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A.B. Wesleyan University, Conn

R. L. UNDERWOOD

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Graduated Tyler County High School; Attended Fairmont Normal School and West Virginia University. Played on High School at Thomas, W. V.



REMINISCENCES



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Physical Education

Savage School for Physical Education,
Boston, Mass



ERVIN S. SMITH

Commercial Department

B.C.S. Graduate in Stenography;
Tri-State College, 1912; Ohio Northern
University, 1917

REMINISCENCES



ETHELYN SELBY

Commercial Branches

Graduated combined business course
of Blue Ridge College, New Westminster,
Md.; Taught in Annapolis County
High School, Cumberland, Md.; At-
tended Columbia University and John
Hopkins University

1914-1915

WILLIE CARTER

Commercial Branches

B.C.S., Graduated Bowling Green,
Ky. Business University. Attended
Johns Hopkins University

Willie Carter



DEMI SCIENCE



FLORENCE K. HOLLINS

Commercial Branches

B.C.S. Bowling Green, Ky. Business
University; Taught in High School,
Tupelo, Miss

EDITH HEAVNER

Domestic Art

Graduated Berwick School, Ber-
kintown, Pa.; Attended Columbia
University



DOMESTIC SCIENCES



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Domestic Science

Graduate of Bradley Polytechnic
Institute, Peoria, Illinois

FRED V. PHILPOTT

Manual Training

Attended Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.; Terre Haute, Ind.,
Normal; Graduate Bradley Polytech-
nic Institute, Peoria, Illinois



IWEN YSA

ALUMNI SCENES



MARGUERITE GLENN

Art

Graduate of Chicago Art Institute;
Graduate student Prang Institute



CLARENCE C. ARMS

Music

Graduated New England Conserva-
tory of Music, Boston, Mass.

DEMIUSCENICES



ALICE R. GRIFFIN

Librarian

Attended West Virginia University

Classes

DE MINUS SCIENTICES



SENIOR

DEMINI SOUVENIRS

Under the Holly Tree



GOOD things never come singly, so we chose Misses Martha Pantall and Edith Heavner, as our guardian angels, and feel well satisfied with our selection. Space does not permit enumeration of their many admirable qualities, but we must not neglect to mention Miss Heavner's ability in managing lecture course ticket sales, and planning receptions with good eats, and Miss Pantall's cheerful assistance with the "Hilltop" in its pioneer days. Suffice it to say, we feel that we have loved and chosen, wisely and well.

REMINISCENCES

ROY RATCLIFFE

Preparatory

President (4); Staff Reminiscences; Webster; President Dramatic
 "It intelligence seized on a subject
 If genius embraced it,
 If creative illuminated it

ANDREW WILEY, "Andy"

General

Glee; Webster; Vice President Dramatic
 Commerce
 "He is weighed in the balance, and found
 not wanting"

BYRON RANDOLPH

Preparatory

Webster; Treas. (3), Sec. (4) Staff Reminiscences
 "The name by genius earned dies not with
 time
 The lustre shed by genius knows no death

JAMES WILLIS, "Jimmie"

Preparatory

Dramatic; Glee; Webster; Treas. (1) Football (4)
 "Oh what may man within him hide
 Though an angel on the outward side"

JOHN CHIDESTER, "Johnny"

Preparatory

Editor Reminiscences; Glee; Webster
 "This man knows science, art, and love
 As radio, year book, and a girl can prove



REMINISCENCES



PAUL STONEKING

General

Manager Reminiscences; Dramatic; President Glee Club; Operatta (3) (4); Quartet (3), (4)

"He cannot be cajoled

"With love or shining gold



MAFALDA COOPER "Tubby"

General

Reminiscence Staff; Cadman; Dramatic Vice President Friendship

"If eyes were made for seeing

Then 'Tubby' is her own excuse for being



LEO HOLMBOE

General

Dramatic; Webster; Staff Reminiscence

"No sinner, nor no saint perhaps

But- well, the very best of chap



EDITH WHITE, "Eddie"

Preparatory

President '21; Dramatic Staff Reminiscences; Cadman

"Mind and music breathing from her face



THOMAS ARNETT, "Tom"

Preparatory

Dramatic; President Webster 2d Secretary; Staff Reminiscences

"There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine."

REMINISCENCES

ELIZABETH SLOAN, "Lizzie"

Preparatory

Editor Reminiscences; Dra
Secretary '21

Every woman has her faults,
And honesty is her

Elizabeth Sloan

ROBERT DAVIS

Preparatory

Dramatic; Webster; Staff Reminiscences
The grinds away till the dinner bell
Leaves him a little breathing spell.

HELEN AVALIGNER McNARY

Preparatory

Cadman; Friendship; Dramatic; Staff
Reminiscences

"They say woman and music should never
be dated"

KENNETH KING, "Kenny"

Preparatory

Dramatic; Webster; Staff Reminiscences
"Do the best you can and the best will
turn to you."

FANNY HEEMICK

Preparatory

Secretary; Dramatic; Friendship; Cad
man; Staff Reminiscences

"Mischievous, youth and pep personified."



REMINISCENCES



GLADYS BECKER, "Cricket"

General

Friendship; Dramatic; Reminiscence
Staff

"Her wit was more than man
Her innocence a child



JOE ANGOTTI

Commercial

Dramatic; Webster; Commercial; Glee
Club

"My artistic worth depends upon the point
of view"



EMMA QUEEN, "Jo"

General

Staff Reminiscence; Canterbury; Friend
ship; Dramatic

Small and snappy, full of vim
I know she gets—pity him."



CHESTER ALBRIGHT, "Chet"

General

Webster; Glee

"And what they dare to dream of,
He dares to do



SOMMERS REVERCOMB, "Some"

Commercial

Dramatic, Canterbury; Friendship; Staff
Reminiscences

Friendship

What makes you of falling in love

REMINISCENCES

JAMES AYERS

General

"The world's great men have not commonly
been scholars,
Nor its great scholars, great men."

HELEN ANDERSON

General

Dramatic; Canterbury.

"My own thoughts are my companions."

CLYDE ASH

General

Webster; General Debating

"And let him be sure to leave other men
their time to talk."

LENA ASHTON, "Smiles"

Commercial

Cadman; Dramatic; Friendship.

"She smiles and the world smiles with her."

FRED BROWN

General

Commercial; Football (3), (4)

"I only ask that Fortune send

A little more than I can spend



DEMINI SCENICLS



EDITH ANNON, "Edie"
Preparatory

Dramatic; Canterbury; Friendship
"What a strange thing is a man
And what a stranger, woman!"



ERVIN BAKER
Preparatory

Dramatic; Webster
Some have come gold in minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter,
But give me mine in tresses fine,
And keep the change in laughter."



VIRGINIA BRAMHAM, "Jinny"
Preparatory

Dramatic; Canterbury
Every way to have friends is to be one."



GUY BRADLEY
Preparatory

Dramatic; Webster
A marvelous man for his size
He can do lots of stunts when he tries."



ELIZABETH BRETERNITZ, "Betty"
General

Dramatic Club.
"Many a small maketh a great."

DEMINISCIENCES

RAY BENSON

Commercial

Glee, Webster, Dramatic; Commercial;
Orchestra; Quartet (3), (4)

"Happy am I, from care I'm free

Why aren't they all contented like me

HELEN CRILE

Preparatory

Cadman; Dramatic; Treasurer Friend

Cap

Song, Glee, Dramatic

He will receive the greatest of honors

JARVIS CURRENCE, "Jarvie"

Preparatory

Dramatic; General Debating; Webster
Glee

"Men are only boys grown tall,

Hearts don't change much after all

JOSEPHINE CRILE, "Jo"

Preparatory

Dramatic; Friendship

"A merry heart that goes all the day."

ROBERT CRISS, "Mike"

Commercial

"I'm my mamma's little darling

Don't you think I'm precious sweet?"

Robert Criss



DEMINISCIENCES



VIRGINIA CREWS, "Crewsie"
General
Friendship; General Debating Club
"To be trusted is a greater compliment than
to be loved."



FRED CLEAVENGER
General
"He has a wilful stillness entertain."



JEAN HOLMES COOK, "Cooksie"
Preparatory
Friendship; Cadman; Dramatic
"Pleased with my nose tickled with a
straw."



PAUL CUSTER
General
"In sooth I know not why I am so sad
It would be, you say, it wearies you."

Paul Custer



JEAN CORK, "Corky"
Preparatory
Friendship; Dramatic
"True to her word - her work - her friend"

REMINISCENCES

LUTHER DAY, "Low"

General

Orchestral, Glee, Glee Band
"The Love Song" and by
string.

Playing the music of a new

Luther 23/11

ELEANOR COPE, "Cope"

General

Dramatic; Friendship

"Worry and I are strangers."

EDWARD FLINT, "Okey"

General

"Il est un bon sport, n'est-ce pas?"

LOUISE CORNELL, "Lou"

Commercial

Dramatic; Commercial

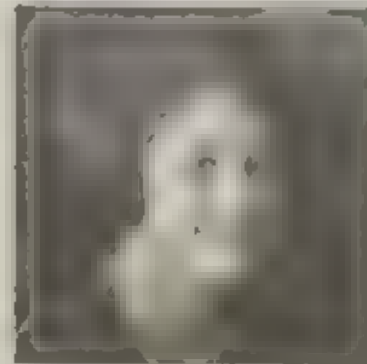
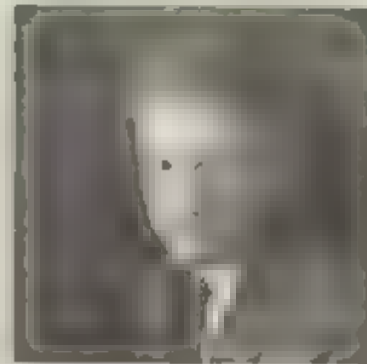
"The power of gentleness is"

ROBERT FULTON, "Bobby"

General

Football (1), (2), (3), (4); Baseball (1),
(2), (3); Track (1), (2), (3); Dramatic

"I would the gods had made me poetical"



DEMI SCIENCE



PEARL CUSTER
General

Dramatic; Commercial
A sweet and retiring miss



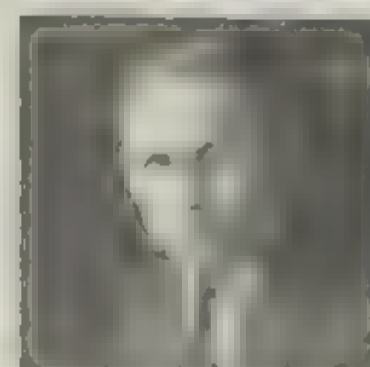
FRED GOFF, "Chub"
General

Glee; Webster; Dramatic; Cheer Leader
Rest, rest perturbed spirit



KATHERINE DENNISON, "Kit"
Preparatory

Dramatic; Sec. '21; Editor Hilltop (4)
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To wake, to comfort, and command



CHARLES HORR, "Chuck"
General

"Awake, arise or be forever fallen



MAUD DAVISSON, "Lanc"
Commercial

Dramatic; Commercial
None but herself can match her

DEMINISCEMUS

CLARENCE GRAPES, "Buck"
Commercial

Webster; Glee
"The march of the human mind is slow."

LORETTA FRIEDLANDER, "Jada"
Commercial

Commercial; Dramatic; Friendship.
"Alack! There lies peril in thine eye."

EVAN GRIFFITH
General

Football (3), (4), Capt. (4); Baseball (1)
(3); Track (1), (2), (3).
"A maiden there lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me."

OPAL FITTRO
General

"Much study is the weariness of the flesh."

JOE WINDON
General

Glee; Football (2), (3), (4).
"Let me have about me men that are fat."



DEMINI SCIENCES



DOROTHY GRIFFITH, "Dot"

Preparatory

Dramatic Club

"Her dainty presence a rose-covered bough
might adorn."



STEPHEN HIGHLAND, "Steve"

Preparatory

President Webster, 1st semester

"The noblest spirit is most strongly attracted
by the love of glory."

Stephen Highland



LOUISE GARRETT

General

"If people would take more pains
They would cause less of them."



FRED HARPER

General

Dramatic; Commercial

"Deeds are better than words
Actions mightier than boastings!"



TRESSIE GAINES, "Teddie"

Commercial

Cadman; Dramatic; Commercial.

"She passes like a pleasant thought."

DEMINI SCIENCES

ROBERT HILLER, "Bob"

General

General Debating; Webster; Glee; W. I.
Hill

"Still be doing, never done."

WINIFRED GRAVES, "Winnie"

Preparatory

Dramatic; Orchestra

"The price of wisdom is above rubies."

LUTHER HUTTON, "Lu"

General

General; Webster

"To be funny, is to be natural with him"

FRANCES GREENE, "Bubby"

Commercial

Commercial Club

"Very funny and very fair,
Yet, exceedingly both."

CLIFFORD HOSKINSON

General

"To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraphim fire."



DEMINI SCENICUS



EDITH HESS, "Dedde"
Preparatory
Canterbury; Friendship; Dramatic
"Elle est jolie. N'est-ce pas"



VINCENT JORDAN, "Vince"
Preparatory
Basketball (3), Capt. (4)
"He dares do a - that may become a man"



ELIZABETH HERR, "Betty"
General
Friendship; Dramatic; Canterbury
I am the daughters of my father's house
And all the brothers too"



MIRTH KUHLE, "Coohe"
General
Dramatic; Webster
"The glory of a firm capacious mind is his"



AGNES HARPER
General
Canterbury Club.
"Persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable."

DEMI-SCENES

WILLIAM KEARNS, "Bill"

General

"I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me."

VIRGINIA HOLDEN, "Sis"

Commercial

Cadman; Commercial

"Thoughtless of me"

She was beauty's

MAYNARD KELLAR, "Mayn"

General

Dramatic Club

"He who works, comes success"

GERALDINE HATHAWAY, "Jerry"

Commercial

Canterbury; Commercial

"A rose is sweeter in the bud than when
full blown"

TED KEMPER "Teddy"

General

Baseball (3); Football (4)

"If study killed a man, Ye gods! let
another Methu"



DEMI SCIENCES



MILDRED HENDERSON

General

"Do unto others as though you were the others."



DORR LYNCH

General

"He thinks too much, such men are dull."



RUTH HUFF, "Fritz"

General

Dramatic Club

Am I downhearted? No-o-o
The way is o-o-o to me."



HARRY LEWIS

General

Webster; Dramatic.

"Remember, that silence bespeaks wisdom."



ETHEL ISNER

General

"Happiness is a habit;
Cultivate it!"

REMINISCENCES

EMMETT LYDEN, "Jerry"

General

Basketball (2), (3), (4).

"He who laughs last laughs best, but he
ware he who smiles and says nothing."

MARY RUTH KOERNER

General

Friendship; Dramatic; Cadman

"Elle est jeune, elle est belle;
Cela suffit!"

WILLIAM LOWE, "Bill"

General

Dramatic; Webster; Glee

"When the sun shines all night
Then will I study all night."

ALICE KISHBAUGH, "Kish"

General

President Friendship; Dramatic; Cantor

General Debating.

Plumb full of fun

Eyes twinkling with mischief."

ALTON YOUNG, "Auggie"

General

"He looks labor boldly in the face,
And refuses an introduction."



DEMINI SCIENCES



MILDRED LAMPING

General

Dramatic; Commercial

"Has been my heart's undoing."



HAROLD MERKET

General

Webster; Glee Club (4)

"Rudolph is a man of many love"



CAROLYN LAW

Preparatory

Canterbury; Drama; Cadmus

"I am a woman of many talents, is cand d where she
need"



WILLIAM MORRIS, "BILL"

General

"The man that loves and laughs, must sure
do well"



GOLDIE LINGER

General

Friendship; Dramatic

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

DOMINUS SCIENCES



JOSEPH MALLORY, "Joe"
General

Orechestra (3), (4); Cheer Leader (3), (4); Co-

"Love hath both gall and honey in abundance."

NADINE LOWTHER
General

Friendship; Cadman; Dramatic
"Every woman should marry, and no man."

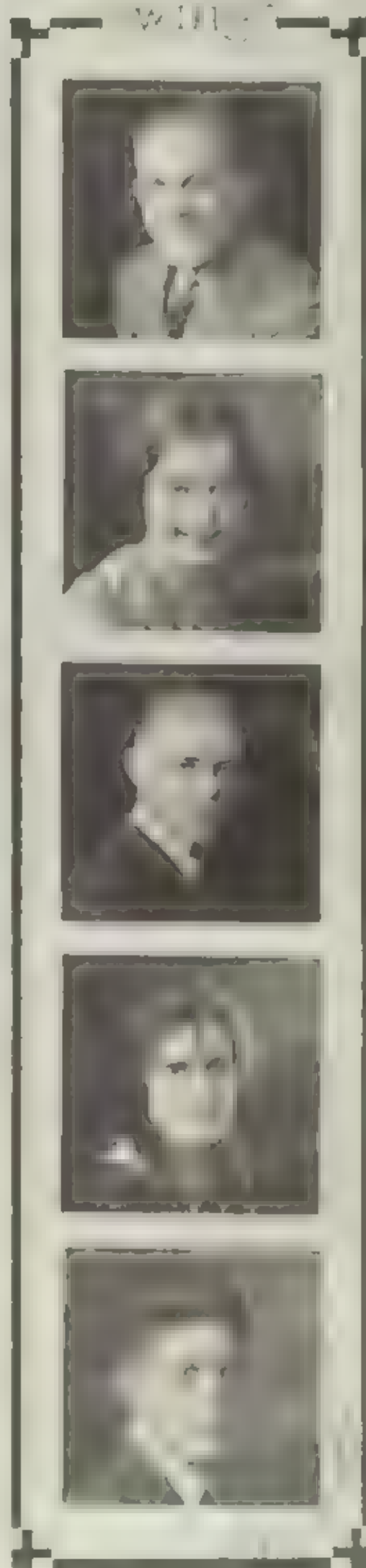
CHARLES MAWYER
General

"It well becomes a young man to be modest."

ELMA LITTLE
Preparatory

Dramatic Club
" fairest and most adorned
Whose clothing is humility."

PIETRO MUSCARI, "Sparks"
General
Dramatic; Webster; Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4)
"Seaweeds, the wireless wizard."



REMINISCENCES



RUTH LONG

General

Cadman Club

"What frosty spirited elf is this?"



PAUL NUZUM, "Nookie"

General

Glee Club

"He is continually upsetting things."



FRANCES MERENDINO, "Frank"

General

Dramatic; Friendship

"The world knows only two; that's Rome and I."



ALLAN POE

General

Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Band, Glee

"Quoth the Raven, Nevermore."



DOROTHY MORROW

General

Friendship; Dramatic

"What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind."

DEMINI SCIENCES

GEORGE PIKE

General

'Neither seeking pleasure nor avoidin

HELEN MYERS, "Pete"

Preparatory

Dramatic; Friendship; Cadman

Her wit was more than man.

Her innocence was

WILLIAM REEP, "Bill"

General

Orchestra (1), (2), (3), (4); Dramatic
General Debating

Verily naught a fiddle stick

VIRGINIA MCKINLEY, "Mac"

General

General Debating; Friendship; Dramatic;
Canterbury

"And her sunny

Hung on her temples like golden fleece

SAMUEL REESE, "Sam"

General

rather than to ap



REMINISCENCES



LILLIAN MICHAEL

Commercial

Commercial; Dramatic

"For what I will, I will; and there's an end."



REUBEN ROSENSHINE

General

W. D. D. D.

Know him by his deeds

And not his speech."

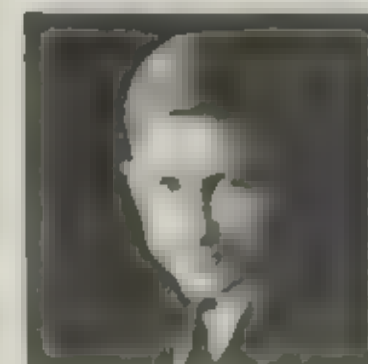


EVELYN McDANIEL

Commercial

Dramatic; Commercial

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing
Tis that I may not weep."



WALTER ROBERTSON

General

"They tell me that you never knew those
gentle frailties"



LILLIE MILLER

Commercial

Commercial; Dramatic

"Write me as one who loves her fellowmen"

ALUMNI SCENARIOS

MERRILL REYNOLDS, "Speed"

General

Football (2), (3), (4); Basketball (2)
(3), (4), Captain (3); Baseball (2), (3),
(4)

"He's speedy, I'm fast"

At everything he shows class

GLADYS MORRIS

Commercial

Commercial; Canterbury; Dramatic

"Her air, her manners all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy, and gentle though
retired."

Dar me you la bessa
1927-1928

JAMES REED

General

Webster; Dramatic

"His smile has melted many a frosty glare"

VIRGINIA MILLS

Commercial

Dramatic; Commercial

"An earnest faithful student of whom it
may be said

Whatever she doeth, she doeth well"

JULIO RIBIO

General

Webster; Dramatic

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou has taught."

WHS



DEMINI SCIENCES



BEULAH MITCHELL

General

Canterbury; Dramatic

"She ever doeth well her duty"



FRANK STUART

Preparatory

Dramatic; Webster

"No really great man ever thought him-
self so."



PANSY MILES

General

"Known to few, but prized as far as known"



ERNESTO SALAMONE

General

"L'n hombre de Peru"



MINERVA MITCHELL

General

Dramatic Club

"She is a tiny thing, she is a winsome
thing,

She is a bonny thing."

REMINISCENCES

GILBERT SEARS

General

'Nothing daunts this youth,
No- not even a girl."

JANICE MONROE

General

Dramatic; Canterbury

"My duty is done,
My conscience is clear"

KENT SIZER

Dramatic Club

"He studied more or less"

And when all was said, 'twas mostly less."

ANONA NAYLOR

General

Commercial; Cadman; Dramatic

"As merry as the day is long"

Anona Naylor. "Gri"

HAYMAN STOUT

General

Webster; Dramatic

"A modern Lochinvar
In a Franklin car"



DEMINISCIENCES



VERA GROVE PARRISH

Preparatory

Sec. Cadman; Draught

She that was ever fair, and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet never loud"



HAROLD SMITH

Commercial

Commercial; Business; Cadman; Draught
but (2). ...

"And here's a nice young man
with ^{the} ~~his~~ tried to conceal him by naming him
Smith

that and where is he



GERTRUDE PETERSON, 'Pete

General

Canterbury; Friendship; Cadman; Draught

"She is gentle, she is shy

But there's mischief in her eye"



PAUL SWENTZEL

General

"Though bruised and hurt, he'll still assert
That two and two make four



GRACE PRUNTY

General

"All her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace"

DEMI-SCENES

CHARLES TRACEY

General

'Costly thy habit as thy purse
For the apparel proclaims the man

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS

Preparatory

"Full of mischief, raising hell
Always has a pleasant smile
And Virginia is her name

CHESTER WEEKLEY

General

'He is 'Weekley' in name
But strong with the lad

ZEI MA ROSS, "Gummy"

General

Dramatic; Chatterbury; Alpha Delta
Theta

A daughter fair
So buxom, blushing, and so true

STANLEY WOODS

Preparatory

"The one 'Woods' that is new and true



REMINISCENCES



Louise Runyon
LOUISE RUNYON, "Louie"

Preparator

Dramatic; Canterbury

"A town that boasts inhabitants like me,
'Can have no lack of good society."



RUTH WILFONG

Commercial

Dramatic; Webster

"He helps another out of fellow feeling."



Goldie Rippe
GOLDIE RIPPE

Commercial

Commercial Club

"With reason firm, and temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."



MALCOLM WILT, "Mike"

General

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder

And he'll ask you the number of steps."



LILYAN RYDER, "Lili"

Commercial

Dramatic; Commercial

"Hence-soothed melancholy"

DEMI SCENES

JOE WOTRING, "Joe"

General

"Next to his bed he loves his couch"

MARTHA RIDENOUR

General

Dramatic; Canterbury

"Do you know I am a woman?"

When I think, I must speak"

BIRK WARNER

General

Dramatic; Webster

"I to myself am dearer than a friend"

IRENE STOUT, "Rene"

Preparatory

Cadman; Dramatic

"Quips and cranks, and w—ton smiles,

Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles"

JAMES WOODZELL, "Jim"

General

Dramatic; Webster

"What do I care for women

They're nothing in my young life."



DEMINI SCIENCES



NATALIE SIMMERMAN, "Nat"

Preparatory

Cadman; Hallop; Decadent

"If I were to choose a life pal for me,
Who would be none other, than our own
Natalie"



WILLARD WHEELOCK, "Bud"

General

"Those eyes, those smiles, those eye
His mirror te is to me"



MARION SWEARINGEN

General

Domestic; Cadman; Friendship

I once admitted, to my shame

That football was a brutal game"



LOUIS WILSON, "Louie"

General

He loves the world and all its pelf,
But best of all he loves himself"



VIRGINIA STEPHENSON, "Jinny"

General

Domestic; Cadman; Friendship

I have loved three whole days together

And am likely to love three more if

the fair weather"

DEMINI SCENICES

ELIZABETH LEWIS

General

Dramatic Club

"My tongue within my lips I reign
For who talks much, must talk in vain

GEORGETTA STEPHENS, "George"

Commercial

Commercial; Friendship; Cadman

"I have no other than a woman"
I think him so, because I think him so

LULA SKIDMORE, "Lu"

Commercial

Commercial; Dramatic

"Sweet and youthful joll

ELEANOR SLOAN

Preparatory

Dramatic Club

"She's pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant to think on

MARY SUTTER

Preparatory

Cadman (Sec. and Librarian) & Pres
(3); Dramatic (Sec. and Treas)

"Fair as a star, when only one is seen
Shining in the sky."



DEMIUS SCIENCES



HELEN SNYDER

General

Dramatic
A noble heart and a like a med



BEULAH TALKINGTON

General

Canterbury; Dramatic
"I care for no one, no not I



LESSIE WAGNER

General

"Oh excellent! I love long life better than
I do



MARTHA WOODDELL, "Mop"

General

Friendship; Canterbury; Dramatic; Gen
eral Debating Club.

Though I'm not splendid and rash
Yet have I something in me that I can



VIRGINIA WOODDELL, "Bill"

General

Canterbury (Pres.); Friendship

"I will never wear my heart upon my
For dawn to neck is

REMINISCENCES

Lucy White

LUCY WHITE, 'Pinky'
General

Dramatic; Friendship

"A thorn of experience is worth a wilderness of warning."

MILDRED WEST
General

Canterbury Club

"Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put this in."

MARIE WEEKLY
Preparatory

Friendship; Dramatic

"Oh, the girls that ere were seen,
There's none so nice as Marie."

MARIE YESTER
Preparatory

"For she that is once good, is ever great."

11

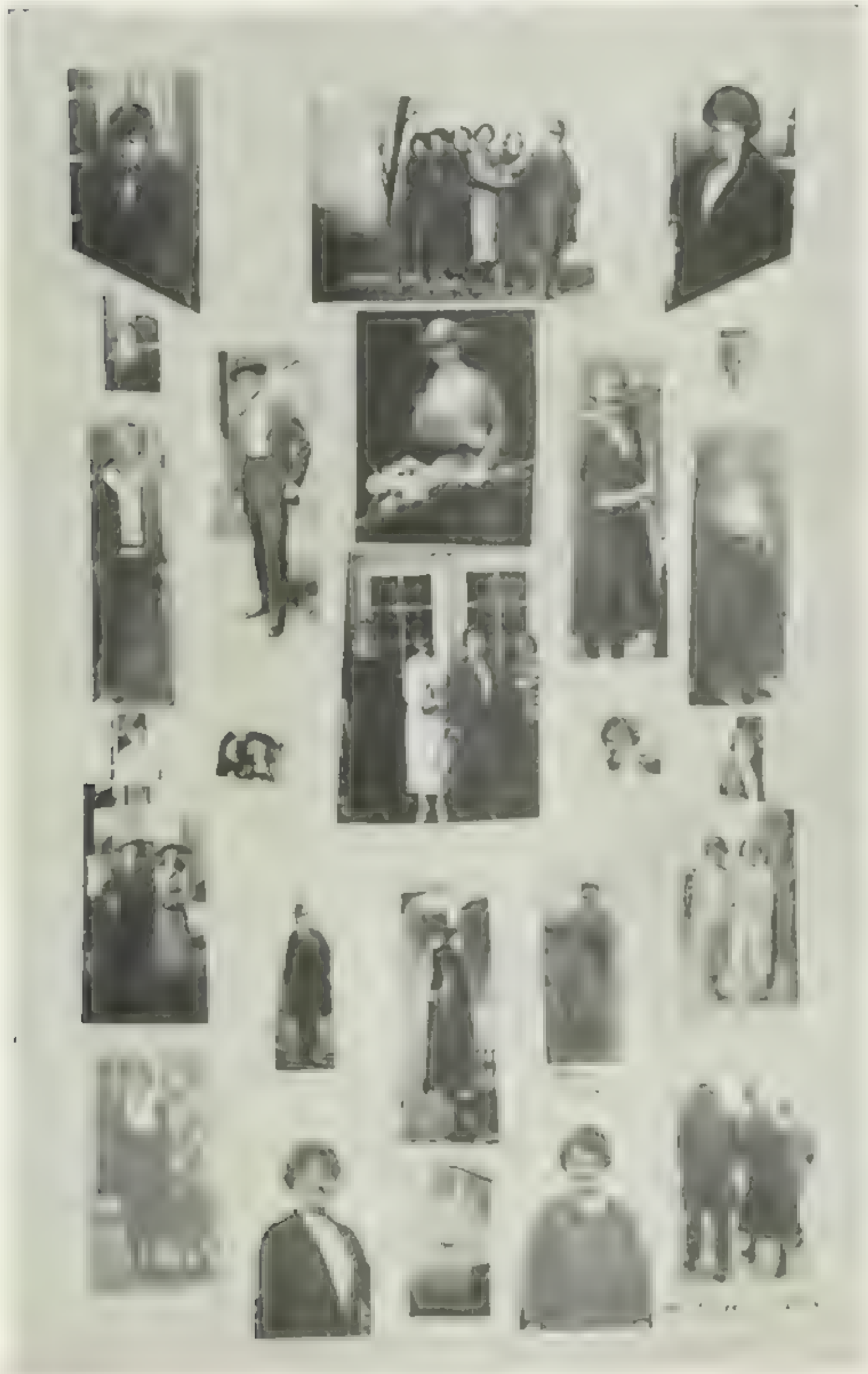
HELEN WEST
General

Orchestra (3), (4)

"Her friendships may be few but they are
deep, fixed, and true"



REMINISCENCES



PLEMINISCEMENTS

Senior Class Will

UNST will and testament of Senior class of 1922. We are now living High School, Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia. Being of sound minds, and free from bodily ills, we hereby will and devise to our benefactors named herewith the goods and chattels hereunto listed to be carried from immediately upon our demise or elevation to a higher plane.

To the Juniors, we will our Virgil, (perhaps they can make something out of it, we couldn't), also our seats in chapel. (may they get as much joy out of them as we did).

To the Sophomores we leave this advice: "Don't forget that you were Freshmen once yourselves."

To the Freshmen we leave the Sophomores (to do with as they see fit).

To Virginia Lee, we will and bequeath Ray Benson's cornet.

To James Gaylord, we will and bequeath the button that may be found under the first floor fountain.

To Donald Fulton, we leave his brother's genius.

To Richard Greene, we leave Bobby Fulton's brown sweater.

To Nora Lewis, we leave the care of all new Freshies.

To Bessie Rosen, we leave our withered roses (will be found over sewing room windows).

To Loran Hull, we leave James Willis' golden curls.

To Byron Florey, we leave our Edith's love.

To William Pierce, we will and bequeath the window's chewing gum.

To Martha Sloan, we will the picture to be found on Miss Simpson's wall.

To the Juniors, we leave that oft repeated song, "America the Beautiful."

To all of those who follow us, we leave that old, old saying, "I am very glad to be with you and look into your intelligent faces."

To Dorothy McCann, we will and bequeath the vegetable she made us cooking.

To Mary Queen, we will and bequeath a ribbon from a typewriter, that she may deck her beautiful hair.

To Ruth Mason, we leave an antiquated stick of chewing gum, to be found in a hidden niche on second floor.

To Dessie Burton's tender care, we leave John Phillips.

To Howard A. Hop, we will and bequeath Ned's Snuggly. (Buster Brown Collar).

We leave Alma Stout the task of repairing Tommy Arnett's cupid-scarred heart.

To Mildred Parrish, we will and bequeath Gertrude's Peaches and Cream rings.

BEQUESTS

To Virginia Ogden, we leave Helen Crile's shy, sweet ways.

To Miss Leachman, we give our sincere thanks for great patience with pink and white slips.

To Hunter Cain, we will and bequeath Leo Holmboe's great artistic talent.

To Mildred Griffith, we will and bequeath our Year Book editor, John Chidester.

To Bruce Horton, we will and bequeath Pickles Reep's 7 feet 10.

To Janice Peck, we will and bequeath Pinkey White's Ford.

We hereby will and bequeath our class colors to the needy Juniors.

We bequeath all pennies for mirrors to be placed in boy's lockers.

To Doc Ayers, we will and bequeath Jarvis Currence's sweet manner.

To Violet Powe, we will and bequeath Mr. Underwood's desk, in the first floor hall.

To Louis Sturbois, we will the bulletin board, to be found on first floor.

To William Ruck, we will and bequeath the fountain on second floor.

The swimming-pool we leave to those who in their turn will follow us.

To Cecil Huff, we will and bequeath Nadine Lowther's vanity case.

To Henrietta Spelsburg, we leave Mr. McConkey's little black book.

Our cushions we will and bequeath to the stone wall loungers.

To Virginia White, we leave Emmett Lyden's typewriter.

To the Juniors, we leave the opportunity of giving "Mac" a Hungarian serenade, a thing which the Seniors have been looking forward to, for four years.

To the Cadman Choral Club, we will and bequeath the new Vivtrola in commercial rooms.

To Burr Lyon, we leave Edith Hess' new feather.

To the Juniors, we will and bequeath the sign at the Reason, Grand

We leave Evan Griffith's appetite to Lorentz Stout.

We will and bequeath our dignity to the Juniors.

We leave to the Freshmen advisers, our next year found sympathy for their heroic work.

To Russell Sauer, we will and bequeath Seniors Rivercomb's giggle.

To Miss Portland and Mr. Heaven, the love and honor of our class.

To Miss Simpson, we will and bequeath anything that she wishes, for she certainly deserves it.

M. S. and E. Q., '23.



DEMINISCENOLS

The Senior Class Prophecy

WE had been asked to write the prophecy for next year, two or three.

"But how can we?" we asked each other as we strolled down Fifth Street Hill. "How are we to know what's going to happen for year from now?"

A girl, whom we were passing stopped. "Pardon me, I couldn't resist hearing you," she said. "There's an old man living at the very end of Broadus Avenue, who tells fortunes. He tells a whole lot of interesting riddles— that he invented. You look into that sort of thing. Why don't you try him?"

"But is he worth anything? Does he—?"

"Oh yes," she interrupted, "the pictures of my past were all right. I am sure he is good."

We found the old man's house at the end of Broadus Avenue. He looked like a God himself, with his long white hair, streaked body and keen eyes. We explained our difficulty to him and he led us to the wonderful instrument. It looked like any other radio, but he explained that by means of his prophetic power the scenes were thrown within the box.

"How far in the future wouldst thou see?" he asked.

We said that ten years would be enough and gave him a list of the class. He began to turn the dial and it pointed to the year 1927 and helped us to arrange the eye pieces. Then he stood back, touched his hand, and merely placed his finger tips on the box as he drew the scenes before our eyes in rapid succession.

First appeared an office with this inscription:

THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL

ROY RATCLIFFE, Editor

Private Office.

Next we saw a large gathering. It was filled with women and a speaker who was just driving home a strong point as we approached. It was Helen Anderson, and behind her on the stage was a large sign.

WOMEN'S ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE CONVENTION

Then came a dapper young man sandwiched between two signs, "Lace White's Swatting Rank Opens To Night." This was an advertisement was none other than Robert Davis.

The scene changed, and we saw Virginia Braden among a group of classic dancers in a beautiful open air theater.

We saw in turn Willard Wheelock leaning on the corner of London Bridge drawing a cartoon of a London Boy, Virginia McKelvey behind a store counter marked "Swisher Yarns," Reuben Rosenblatt selling a pair of overalls to a Chinaman in a very modern store in Canton, China, E. J. Amor interpreting to a women's class a book of titillating poems by Emily Lyner, and Peter Muscar, at the White House playing a large accordion before the President.

DE MINIMIS SCENICIS

Then a very gay and lively scene flashed on the screen. It was a tall, dandified man in Salvation Army uniform. Robert Hinder waved a baton, while David Cooper played an Euxine, Luther Day banged the drums, Ray Bennett played at a mouth harp as like a Saxon ricked an Ebbw with the second "uke."

The scene showed Leah Clark directing a group of actors dressed in Shakespearean style. Vera Parrish teaching a very much embarrassed young man to dance, feet on the pedals of a pipe organ; Julio Rizzo dressed in a lardie, posing in a fat Pennyan manner, who was to play the A. J. in the Ford. Andrew Wray writing a scathing editorial on "Other Women's Magazine" for the Woman's Home Companion. Helen Morrison, demonstrating Sate, and Louise Carroll and Louise Ransom, reciting a piece, "The Orphan of the South" under the direction of Marjorie Mitchell. And Fred Gray, after teaching disabled veterans to make wooden toys.

Then we saw the other part of the ship, a swimming pool and W. H. H. Morrison, giving a lecture to a group of youngsters. The teacher must have had an athletic disposition, just then, for he showed Zenia Ross and Agnes Harper at the pool, used down the Olympic Stadium track. Base Warner, valiantly defending America's honors, was taken to the coast. Windsor, England, and Mildred Henderson and Lesley Wagner, teaching the proper method of striking a croquet ball.

At this stage, the comedy appeared next, and before the mat sat Gladys Becker, a real "Cricket" for someone.

The comedian's scene wandered back to Clarksburg, and we heard Jerry Cook, a local glum actor, talking out loud to the kiddies at the Church. Home, Hayman. Stout driving a glistering red tax, Lena A. for the magazine stand at the station, selling a package of music. The comedian, who with pad and pencil in hand, was waiting to report to the "Toby" on the affairs of the important personages who came to our metropolis via the north line. Adon Young, with a case of "manner" arriving a neat Egyptian deserv, the cement's new walk in front of the City. Joe Angell, the "odorous" at Candyland, then Elsie, the "Proctor" with all the "M" to this and a hering the text generally to the comedy of W. H. D.

Down at the truck, the old school, we saw Ruth Hall, demonstrating the way to break a "egg" properly, with a text door. Helen Sunder, a "gotten" running a seminar a head, guided after the "manner."

Up the street past W. H. came the city's huge vacuum cleaner, at the helm sat a stocky Irish figure.

"It's Speed Reynolds," we squealed.

Then appeared the Wolfing, directing a corps of efficient waiters. The Waldo, Emma Quack, waving the robbing shears in the Louise Garrett County Patrol. Louis Wagon, driving a magnificent hearse. Married Lamp, a "manner" Lamp, directing the engagement of the gymnasium. Samuel Ross, managing the house and collecting fares at the Jack Rabbit. Norwood Park, and Vincent Jordan, directing the Catholic School Playground.

The next minutes we laughed for we saw Katherine Dennison, coaching a "manner" baseball practice. The players acted like professionals, and were wearing bright red socks.

DEMINI SCIENCES

Then in rapid succession were pictured Luther Hutton in a baker's outfit turning a machine from which tobacco comes; Ted Clark, Wanda Craves leading a bathing beauty chorus on the Hollywood steps; a scene by Virginia Stevenson, Eva Griffith doing her "Coca-Cola" dance, a seventy-foot jump movie scene; Pearl Custer a floor walker in Wanamaker's, Fred Harper selling an automobile to a bunch of kids, Leo Hanlon drawing Bob McNall for the Burma Free Clifford Hoskins, touring the Province at Lost Creek, Matilda Cooper posing for Nancy Hornum who was putting an advertisement for a few weeks by Ladd Scott on board "The Sardinian Banana Peel for Ladd's Command," and on April 10, 1917, "The Invasion" was winding up with Ladd for Matilda, Lucinda Kasper peddling "Breezy Stories," and Mirth Kuhl planning bungalows.

Then came a view of a U. S. warship. Pacing the officer's deck and guarding the cooler was William Lowe.

Next we saw a carload of Spaniards. Three of them was Harold Metcalf, who is one of the country boys on Pinar del Rio.

In the next picture we were in New York and saw Frank Stuart scaling skyscraper like a fly, and Pat Stocking, mugging as a Juggler at the Century Theater. Then appeared Loretta Lee, and Fred Barker in a dance with Ruth St. Dennis and Ted Shawn. On Fifth Avenue we saw a modest door plate, "Miss Frances Green, Private School" and a sign, "Henna Hair Dye, Miss Elma Little, Demonstrator." At the Central Station we saw Harold Smith lustily calling trains.

On the scene, flashed Ruhl Wilfong selling patent vanity boxes to attach to typewriters. His present victim was Maude Davisson. However, her employer William Keates, the president of the United Trust Company, had heartily put an end to the game and the picture disappeared.

We saw James Willis impersonating Rudolph Valentino at Keith's; James Ayers as a narrator in "Whoo-Bang" (the only theater play Harry Lewis relating the old chestnut, "The Story of a Woman" (Harry was evidently getting the best of it). Ethel Isner in knickers, painting a large sign on the theme of Liberty, Grace K. Church on her own behalf for the football team, Malcolm Wilbur on a Leo Korman, Poindexter on an Abbott introducing Cline's theory of English Literature, a girl on a strategy his invention "The Daily Dance" recited, was used to make a victory a matter of grace and ease, and Ruth K. Cover and Marion Sweet on writing yellow back novels, Elizabeth Horn and Lillian Hoss we saw at Victory, the former the instructor in polite French at the "College of the"

Elizabeth Sloan appeared in hospital garb, extracting the teeth of an elderly fellow dog while Nurse Virginia Crow took the afternoon patient Carolyn Law was carrying a kitten into a building marked "Law's Cat Home," while in the back yard of the estate, Miss S. G. G. was taking a howling angora.

We saw Gilbert Sears playing the hero's part in "Burning Sands;" Dorr Lynch was carrying water in an engineering gang of which Charles Mawer was superintendent, and Paul Nuzon was preaching in a country church. His sermon was evidently of the fire and brimstone type to judge from the expression of his congregation, then and there. Eugene Brown in a jewelry store; Ruth Long photographing the senior class of 1933; Nadine Fowler at agent for Mary Garden pictures; Eleanor Allen Poole, a bright officer at Salem; Byron Rader, a justice of the Supreme Court of Russia; Josephine Criss, a female street-walker; Holmes, Jarvis Carter, exhibiting trained garter snakes in kesters; Fred Brown, traveling agent for his father's store in West Union; Oba Perry, dealer of women at Princeton and Clyde Ash exhibiting a fine family of nine pigs.

Then there was Janice Monroe, proprietor of a curio shop. Helen McNary conducting a matrimonial bureau, Gertrude Peters in the City of S...

DEFINING SCIENCES

at Salem College, Virginia Reynolds running cowboys hard kick off on Paterson's Souders' Dordillon, James Reed training "Spark Plug" on Norwood handicap; William Reep employed at Wanamaker's to lift small children out of danger at bargain sales; Martha Ridenour a motorcycle collector and Edith White who is collecting a fine collection of records and tape Robert Cline packing a truck full of his very modern cooking books, Joe and Mary McLaughlin living on the Streetcar, Helen Scott carrying a fish market, Edward Hart working in the Downtown City with a live anthropologist to provide a dramatized film character out of one of the Crocker family, and Evelyn McDaniel proprietor of an exclusive restaurant.

We saw Gladys Morris writing scenario for the Realart Motion Picture Company; Virginia M. a portrait of a book in Cairo, Egypt; Fred and Eugene Goff pantomiming "Ain't Nature Grand" in Keith's; Helen West teaching English; Robert Frater coaching a college football team in Australia; Sonny Rye playing the pipe organ in the cathedral of Rheims; Edwin Lester lecturing to the Salvation Army on crop, Nathe Shoneman in the A. S. Ted-Lund; Earle to Sacramento teaching French in the University of Peru; Charles Tracy teaching dancing in a young girl's school; Virginia Holden making an aerial loop; Bruce L. a first flight, then order, six seconds darks; Walter Wadden giving an exhibition of high diving; Genevieve Hathaway delivering a lecture on the latest film; Josephine L. a student a schoolress; James Woodiel, poet laureate of Seine; Paul Custer missionary to Ireland; and Dorothy Morrow succeeding Jane Addams at Hull House, Chicago.

Then there appeared Stanley Woods, in the doorway of a little shop with three gold balls over the door. He seemed to own the place. Anona Newell was directing the production of one of her own plays. Lillian May was the chairman of the Women's Rights Party. We saw Virginia Woodruff giving an exhibition of ice skating in St. Moritz, Switzerland, and Marie Weezy peddling a day suckers among the natives of the Philippines. She was doing a lot of work for Georgetown students who borrowed with a possible debt. I met Paul Swentzel was testing one of his new S. A. aeroplanes; Walter Robertson was a broker; Marie Yester was librarian at Columbia University. We found Mildred West proprietor of a hat shop. Leonard Scott had a sweater striped Japan (ought meeters a sweater).

"It is getting late," said the old man. "We must hurry." He showed us Goldie Linger writing ghost stories; Grace Prunty and Pansy Miles breaking broncos for the Coney Island merry-go-round; Chester Weekly managing a Christmas tree farm; Bertram McVee leading a goose-pick band of lady kites; Kay Kappers, Stephen Hight and manager of the Harrison Coney Zoo, and Hilda Hinds giving a piano concert at the Astor Hall, New York.

Then the scene was filled with a bright light, we saw the interior of a large tent. It was a circus, George Page in a dress suit was a member of a stunt by Miss Helen Case who received great ovation on the head back of a paw horse. A. A. Bradley brought in a troop of educated poodles dressed in suits designed by Dorothy Griffith. Kenneth Knight was a comfortable. As the performers were congratulating themselves, particularly Maynard Kellar who sold "ocean breezes," ice cream cones and straw hats.

Thus the prophecy of twenty-three ended in a blaze of light and a whirl of action. We were too much awed to thank the old man, but he probably understood us when we said, "Life's funny, isn't it?"

K. E. D. '23 and E. A. S. '23.

REMINISCENCES

Senior Class History

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight,
Make me a Freshie again, just for to-nite"

would I am sure be the envy of all Seniors '23, were such a thing possible. But, alas, it cannot be, so we are compelled to write a history of past glories of this class as a unit, and leave it to succeeding generations to add their bit in the way of history to the honor of old Washington Irving.

The members of '23 first entered this institution as a class in the fall of the year '19, and by the assistance of our devoted upper classmen of '20 escaped annihilation at the hands of related Sophomores. Early in our Freshman year, was laid the foundation for the deep reverence and loyalty of the members to all the best traditions of Washington Irving. Classes of organizers were perfected and affairs of the class put on a sound business basis. Thus we builded wisely and well, as is manifested by this great class one hundred seventy strong. In fact we consider our Freshman year equally important with that of our year of graduation, as we there began the structure that now arises to completion.

Our Sophomore year we pass, drawing your indulgence for our many mistakes and vast amount of misapplied energy. During this year we accomplished much good, after recovering from our period of exaggerated ideas and vast importance due to the arrival of over a hundred inexperienced Freshmen, who were not burdened with our great accumulation of knowledge.

Our third year, was undertaken quite seriously, by endeavoring to place our flag in high places, and many of our valiant heroes fought and bled that it might stay there, and it did (for a while). Anyway, we had a horrible time of it, and it took a very long time and the entire faculty of this staid institution to dampen our ardor. Some class spirit, 'eh?

Things ran along smoothly for a period, until near the holidays when there was a spontaneous combustion of the whole school, said to have been occasioned by a thoughtless Junior remarking that she had seen "Mac" taking a walk home from Keith's in his new flayer. The executive heads of each class appointed a committee of one, to act in conjunction with appointees of other classes to investigate the matter, and report to their immediate superiors, parents. These gentlemen, after an investigation lasting two long, long days, reported that the story was a base fabrication, but to the surprise and delight of every one they added that instead of being a flayer, it was a Studebaker. (We might add incidentally that a few evenings later this same committee was seen at a prominent downtown confectionery partaking of ice cream, soda water, and lolly pops at the expense of a large gentleman with a dark mustache).

Now, coming down to the last year, we reach the reward of past effort, and as Seniors, are on the final lapse of our class history. (The history would have been finished before, but the writer was compelled to cease from her labors to quell a small riot, between two disgraced Seniors. It was said to have been caused by the stealing of a powder puff. The said powder puff was one of the owner's indispensables, and it was absolutely impossible for him to enter a football game without it, and make his bow to the grand-stand).

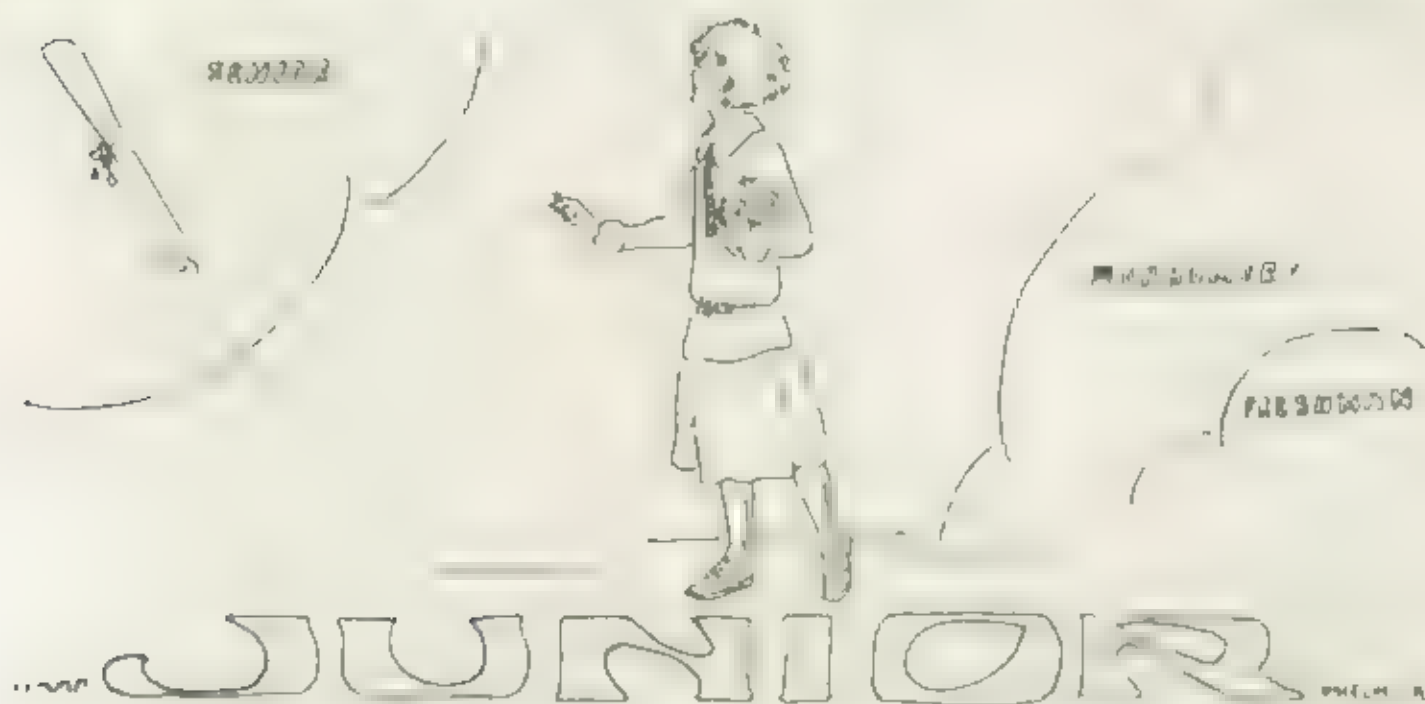
With the exception of a few minor details, such as class ring arguments, and mild flirtations, the year was, we think, very successfully finished.

E. J. Q. '23.

DE MINIS SCENICES



DEMI-SOLICUS



Junior Class History

It was in the eventful fall of 1920 that the cry came across our land, "Rescue our nation from illiteracy." Two hundred and sixty brave knights rose to arms and marched into the battlefield under the name of Freshmen. Many whispered, "They are too young and inexperienced, they must perish." But, not so, for in that first week of blunders and discouragement we proved our worth and were accepted as real soldiers of Washington Irving by those tried and tested warriors, the Seniors.

Promptly we donned our coat of green, and entered the field of learning, subject to fire from the faculty. 'Twas a sad day when we found that some were weak and must fall behind, but undaunted even by this disappointing we faithfully served out our term of apprenticeship, and dropping our verdant colors, we were commissioned as Sophomores.

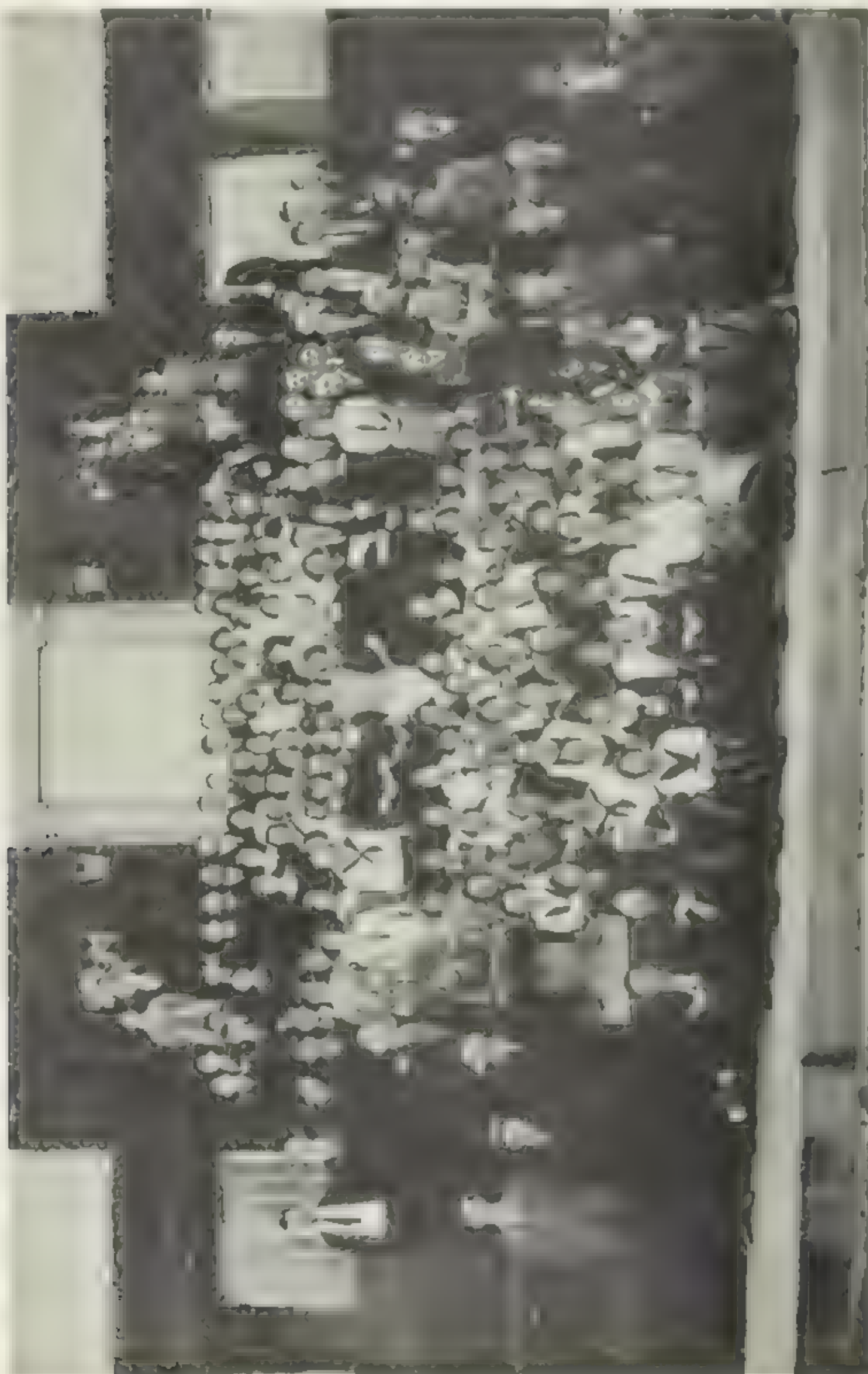
This was not a year of glory and honor but rather of tedious labor. Many were the obstacles we mounted and all behind us were the memories of companions fallen by the way. Steadfastly looking toward our goal we marched triumphantly forward. Surmounting our last barrier (examinations) we entered rejoicing into that bonny vale known as Junior.

Feeling our need of leadership in this crisis, we chose as our general, Pat Hark, a brave and valiant warrior, and as his assistants, Martha Sloan, Bessie Rosen, and Leonard Board. "Our banners shall be purple and white," we declared, and with flags flying and colors waving we marched into the field of action.

So shall the class of '24 march victoriously through life. When we shall have gained the highest rank of all, "Seniors," and at last gain that reward of service, graduation, let that not be our goal, but an opportunity to wider opportunity and service in the world, where we may win our fame and honor the name of '24.

M. S., '24.

DEMI-SCIENCES



JUNIORS

DELTA SCENARIOS



SOPHOMORES

OPHOMORPHES

Baker, Harriet
 Brown, Evelyn
 Barnett, Leontine
 Barnet, Mary
 Brewer, Mae
 Burton, Dessie
 Beever, Mary
 Booth, Marion
 Booth, Mabel
 Bishore, Margery
 Currence, Mary Alice
 Casto, Mary Louise
 Chapman, Wilma
 Cometace, Anna
 Cottrill, Virginia
 Campbell, Hazel
 Clarwell, Susie
 Crosby, Anna Lee
 Davison, Mae
 Delaney, Helen
 Douglas, Mabel
 Delaney, Thelma
 Elwell, Violet
 Elsay, Fern
 Frohme, Ethel
 Fendrick, Selma
 Flesher, Lena
 Feidler, Libban
 Fisher, Julia
 Forester, Clela
 Foringer, Armeta
 Garrett, Ruth
 Goldsboro, Virginia
 Gainor, Jean
 Gatrell, Dorothea

Straley, Mary
Stike, Helen
South, Mildred
Smith, Louise
Stremmel, Rita
Spitznogle, Jessie
Stout, Elma
Snodgrass, Leone
Smith, Norva
Tallman, Floy
Thompson, Suella
Thompson, Bertha
Vore, Esther
Warner, Christine
Weekley, Gertrude
Wadsworth, Edith
Weldon, Mary
Wery, Lucille
Wilson, Mary E
White, Margaret
Wright, Louise
Williams, Ethel
Young, Nellie

Angotti, Sam
Anderson, Noah

REMINISCENCES



DE MINIS SCIENCES



FRESHMEN

DEMINI SCENES

Freshmen Girls' Roll

Allen, Mary
 Ashcraft, Evelyn
 Azelvander, Emma
 Anderson, Thelma
 Baker, Hazel
 Bradley, Frances
 Buzzard, Margaret
 Bungardner, Helen
 Bayless, Beulah
 Bosley, Gertrude
 Brown, Elnor
 Boyer, Alice
 Bates, Dessie
 Benda, Julia
 Bennett, Pauline
 Caplan, Irene
 Cartwright, Virginia
 Clemans, Helen
 Cooper, Mary
 Cummings, Virginia
 Cunningham, Ruth
 Coston, Dorothy
 Crile, Jean
 Cummins, Eleanor
 Chapman, Minnie
 Cain, Marion
 Cunningham, Katherine
 Collins, Lillian
 Collins, Edna
 Chapman, Lavina
 Coll, Gladys
 Coffman, Mary
 Corder, Mabel
 Clutter, Iva
 Crain, Phyllis
 Carson, Leona
 Campbell, Evelyn
 Coleman, Eleanor
 Douglas, Virginia
 Dotson, Loxie Lee
 Dent, Kathleen
 Dennison, Gaynell
 Dennison, Pauline
 Davis, Ruth
 Dillmore, Angelina
 Davis, Mary Louise
 Furbee, Martha
 Flowers, Violet

Friedlander, Dora
 Ford, Mary
 Goodman, Marion
 Gainer, Arlie
 Garrett, Beryl
 Gaylord, Jane
 Gall, Hattie
 Goldsboro, Ruth
 Huff, Hattie
 Higgins, Genova
 Hawkins, Virginia
 Horner, Elizabeth
 Hetterman, Rose
 Hooper, Thelma
 Hartman, Nellie
 Hooton, Mary
 Huff, Ora
 Hall, Edna
 Hickman, Mildred
 Johnson, Ruth
 Jarvis, Rebecca
 Justus, Demmie
 Johnson, Dora
 Jones, Evelyn
 Johnson, Mary
 Kyle, Jean
 Kellar, Noco
 Kroh, Olive
 Kelley, Talva
 Keelan, Frances
 Levine, Selma
 Loving, Mildred
 Lanham, Hazel
 Long, Annette
 Lee, Thelma
 Lalien, Vivian
 Lafferty, Virginia
 Mason, Buena
 Maxwell, Virginia
 Moore, Beulah
 Morgan, Virginia
 Morgan, Evelyn
 Miller, Delores
 Marshall, Leona
 Marshall, Agnes
 Miller, Constance
 Mowery, Corma
 Mowyer, Mary

Moore, Hilma
 Moore, Sara Esther
 McKinley, Ouita
 Martin, Martin
 Nay, Lena
 Nutter, Orpha
 Oliverio, Rose
 Oldham, Mary
 Orr, Alis
 Olier, Isabel
 Poole, Ruth
 Potter, Carolyn
 Pierce, Lillian
 Renger, Evelyn
 Reynolds, Alice
 Root, Priscilla
 Rowe, Lulu
 Rodgers, Gertrude
 Roberts, Marguerite
 Riley, Lena
 Rosier, Alice
 Simmerman, Amy
 Sloan, Mary Virginia
 Street, Dorothy
 Shaw, Louise
 Snyder, Ruth
 Smith, Ethel
 Smith, Rachel
 Stealey, Florence
 Stealey, Mary Elizabeth
 Sager, Thelma
 Strader, Lillian
 Scott, Katherine
 Stemple, Betty
 Smith, Marie
 Streight, Grace
 Swiger, Maybelle
 Thompson, Lois
 Vore, Ruth
 West, Effa
 Wells, Elizabeth
 Wilson, Alice
 White, Zelma
 Ward, Garnet
 Way, Mary Olive
 Waldeck, Catherine
 Wine, Frances

REMINISCENCES



FRESHMEN

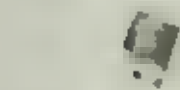
Freshmen Boys' Roll

Powell, George
Phillips, Wilson
Peet, Edward
Preston, Raymond
Prather, Wade
Robinson, Jarvis
Reager, Frederick
Robinson, Paul
Seckman, Virgi
Sharketti, John
Stewart, Kenneth
Shinn, Louis
Southern, George
Shackelford, Cecil
Sayre, Frank
Stuart, Robert
Stewart, Hugh
Sturm, Edwin
Sparrow, George
Sparrow, Thomas
Skidmore, Chas.
Turner, Floyd
Turner, Hartzell
Thomas, George
Talley, George
Tallman, Kirk
Underwood, E
Umberger, Joe
Vance, Frank
White, Paul
Williams, Frank
Willison, Blair
Wotring, Howard
Westfall, Fred
Wiseman, Vance
White, Delmas
Wolfe, Bassell
Wilson, John
Wating, Morrison
Winter, Samuel
Williams, Ira
Warfield, Chancey
Yoders, Clarence

REMINISCENCES



SENIOR NINETY CLUB
THIRD PERIOD



Athletics

DEMINI SCIENCES



Coach Hite

BY his untiring efforts, and excellent coaching, Coach Hite has produced a football team, which rightly claims the High School Championship of West Virginia for the season 1922. In spite of the fact that eight members of last year's varsity graduated, Coach Hite, by his unceasing work, developed this excellent team.

During the basketball season, Coach Hite continued to demonstrate his rare ability as a mentor in developing a team of the highest calibre.

In all branches of athletics, he has instilled in the men a fine spirit of sportsmanship, an asset to any team. Only the members of the various athletic squads can really appreciate the admirable qualities of the mentor who has handled our athletics for the past two years.

DEMINI SCENICES

Letter Men

FOOTBALL 1922

Evan Griffith	Teddie Kemper
Robert Fulton	William Pierce
Loran Hull	Russell Saucer
Merrill Reynolds	William Anderson
James Willis	Harry Hull
Eugene Goff	Fred Brown
Joseph Windon	Frank Bee
Noah Anderson	

BASKETBALL 1922-23

Vincent Jordan	Harold Smith
Merrill Reynolds	Noah Anderson
William Reep	William Pierce
Emmett Lyden	Ervin Baker

TRACK 1922

Joe Loria	Robert Fulton
Evan Griffith	Raymond Lynn
John Resovsky	Joseph Windon
Aaron Olier	Robert Morris

BASEBALL 1922

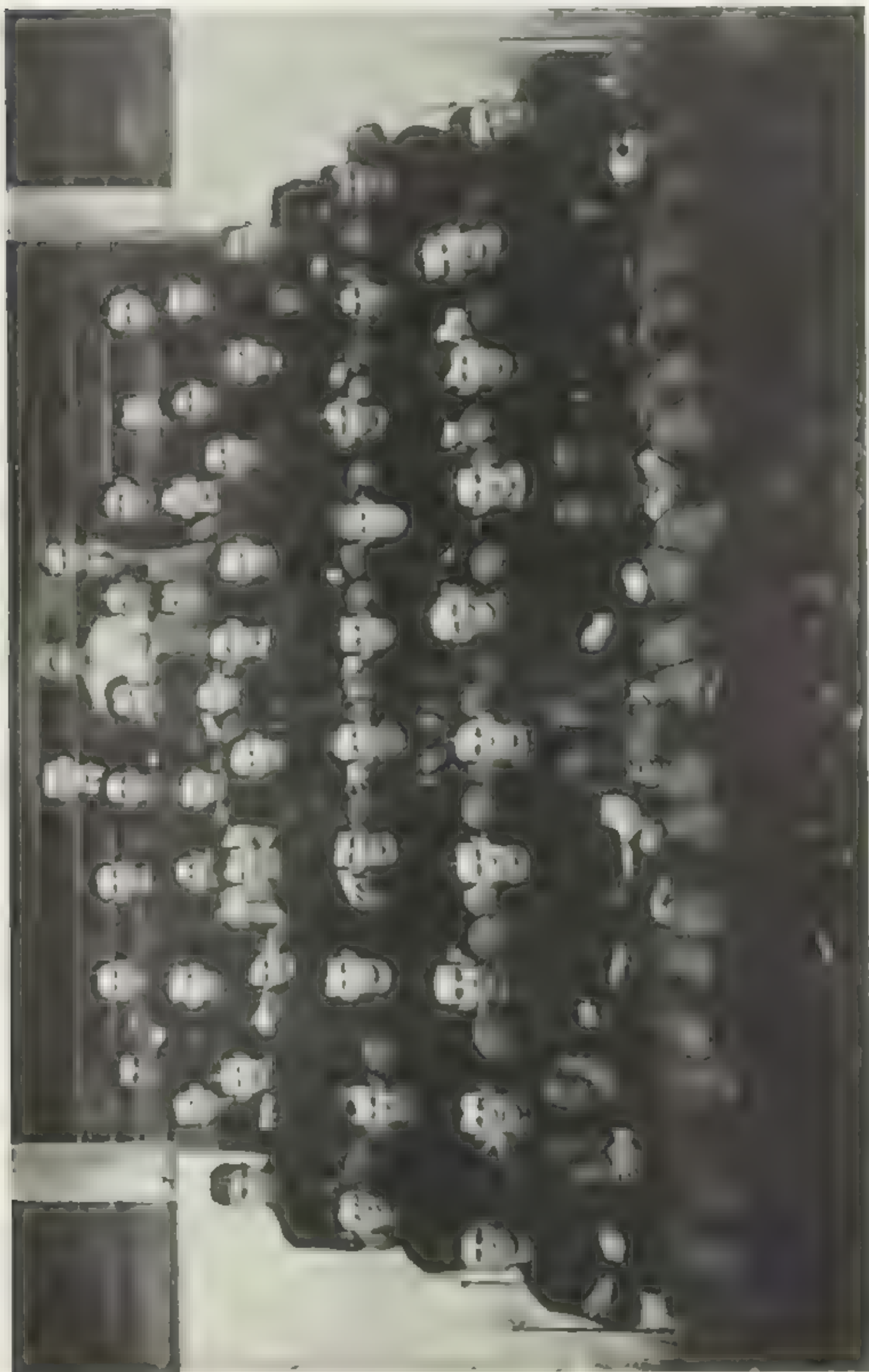
Robert Griffith	Robert Fulton
Harry Musgrave	Aaron Olier
Burrell Rinehart	Loran Hull
Arley Smith	Teddie Kemper
Eugene Goff	Francis McKown
Harold Smith	Merrill Reynolds
Joseph Windon	

DE MINIS SCIENCES



FIG. LY SEVEN

DE MINIS SCENICUS



DEMINISCANOLS

Football Review

NO training camp was permitted this year. The period of training made by our fellows was due to Coach Hite. Every minute of the time after the school year opened, and by his well directed efforts overcoming the obstacles. He found a lot of good material, much of it not seasoned but of the kind of which good teams are made.

October 7—Washington Irving 32; Shinnston 0.

Washington Irving began its football schedule right when it beat Shinnston by running up a big score. It was a wet and rainy day and the field was a sea of mud. W. I. received on the kickoff and with four rushes had its first touchdown. The second touchdown was put over in less time than the first. Although it was very difficult to pass the pigskin, W. I. completed two or three passes making nice gains and contributing largely toward getting touchdowns. In this game Coach Hite had an opportunity to try out his second string men. Although they did not do as well as the regulars, they added another touchdown to the score.

October 14—Washington Irving 6; Fairmont 7.

The game with Fairmont proved to be more or less of a shock to the W. I. observers. But, "Security is mortal's chiefest enemy." In this game although our boys fought valiantly, they also fought in hard luck. They were over anxious and consequently fumbled a good many times. Kemper gave the stands a real thrill when he intercepted a forward pass and ran seventy-five yards to Fairmont's fifteen yard line. W. I. lost the ball on downs at the five yard line and a few seconds later the whistle blew and the game ended. Goff and Pierce, ends, also starred in this game.

October 21—Washington Irving 21; Weston 0.

When Coach Hite took his men to Weston they were in the best condition and they showed this by their splendid playing in that town. The W. I. men outplayed their opponents practically the entire length of the game. Weston had to wait only chance to score when a Weston man broke one of Fulton's punts, recovering in the five yard line. The W. I. line held at a stonewall, however, and took the ball on downs. Fulton made a sensational sprint of thirty-five yard punts, and produced a score. Kemper repeated his trick, producing act of the week before, by intercepting a forward pass and running eighty-two yards for a touchdown. Captain Goff, who did not start the game on account of an injured knee, was put into the fray in the last quarter, and despite his lameness he made several good gains. The line worked like a perfect machine, and it would be a injustice to pick an individual star, as everyone of the boys covered themselves with glory.

October 28—Washington Irving 9; Wheeling 6.

Coach Stobbs brought his men to Norwood and played the Hitemen a last game. Washington Irving, soon after the kickoff, forced the visitors

DEMINI SCENICS

to point, and then advanced the ball to Wheeling's ten yard line where Fullerton tried a drop kick and missed by inches. Repeating his performance in the second period and with the aid of Bobby's toe, W. I. scored three points. The W. I. freshmen bracing themselves took the ball from Wheeling on the thirty yard line. A pass from Fullerton to Willis won the game. Wheeling's one touchdown came after two penalties totaling twenty-five yards had been given. Saucer, Reynolds, Pat Hull and the two Andersons were in the limelight.

November 4—Washington Irving 27; Buckhannon 0.

In November 4 the Hilltoppers added another victory to the already long list. Neither team seemed able to do anything the first quarter and Fullerton back and forth in the middle of the field. In the second quarter W. I. opened up with a full house after a pass, taking the visitors completely unaware. They were bewildered by the earlier footing into place which they had not predicted and which usually contained a speeding end or the back who would grab the ball and go tearing goalward. Even though the ball was away on the receiving end of the passes, it was only the first two touchdowns. "Nick" Goff, "Pat" Hull and Saucer, on account of their receiving passes were important factors in the scoring. Fullerton played a great game and kept up his drop kicking record by kicking two from the fifteen yard line after touchdowns.

November 10—Washington Irving 20; Victory 18.

Our old W. I. fighting spirit once more sewed us on this eventful day. One of the largest crowds of the season was present where, what proved to be a nerve wracking contest. On the first few plays Victory scored a touchdown. With Willis and Griffith featuring, W. I. scored a touchdown and kicked the goal. Victory scored again. The next period with the score W. I. 7 Victory 12. Reynolds kicked off and Victory advanced the ball over the goal line again. Griffith received the kickoff and sprinted back to the 33 yard line. The drive then started. The W. I. backs worked hard day and with the line doing equally as well the ball was advanced to the Victory 18 yard line. After three swift plays, W. I. scored and kicked a goal. At the end of the third period Victory which had the big end of the score 14-18. In the act of after the battle was laid and furious with both teams going their best. W. I. took the ball on downs and after rounding away at the Victory line, again carried the marker to the eighteen yard line. Two swift plays followed, leaving the ball on the seven yard line. Pierce passed to Goff behind the goal line, but failed to kick goal. W. I. received on the kickoff, but the whistle stopped the matter for another possible goal, and the game went down a school, and was one of the most thrilling of the year.

November 18—Washington Irving 12; West Union 0.

On November 18 Coach Hite took his warriors to West Union, to do battle with the high school over of that town. Taking the ball on the kickoff W. I. marched straight up the field for a touchdown. When the West Union quarter dropped back to punt Noah Anderson, center, broke thru center and blocked the kick. Then "Red" Pierce fell on the ball for our second touchdown. W. I.'s threat to score on three other occasions did not matter aize, but West Union never endangered the W. I. goal although they had the ball on the 30 yard line.

ALUMNI SCENES

November 24—Washington Irving 21; Grafton 2.

With the first real football weather of the season, W. I. defeated Grafton at Newwood Park. The Grafton players arrived late, so the starting time was delayed and it took them a long time to get started. The quarter-backs to the Grafton players were W. I. jumped right from the first, and had a score before the visitors had time to get ready. Fulton kicked well. The visitors took the ball on the kickoff and made a first down in the center of the field. Then the Grafton players made a break of the game happened. Grafton was forced to punt and when Fulton was about to pick it up and roll to the W. I. line the Grafton blocked Fulton's kick from behind the goal, thus giving them a safety. W. I. advanced the ball from her own 25 yard line and Fulton made the second touchdown and kicked goal. W. I. received the ball on the kickoff and was downed on the 43 yard line. Fulton advanced the ball 20 yards and at the line "Speed" Reynolds took the ball under his arm and broke away for the final touchdown of the game. Only four minutes of the last period were played, the game being called on account of darkness.

November 29—Washington Irving 12; Huntington 6.

A number of W. I.'s warriors made their last appearance on a high school field, and the state championship was proved worthy of their efforts to the best. W. I. took the ball to the Huntington 11 yard line but lost the ball on downs. The Huntington half back fumbled and Grafton recovered. After two plays Fulton drop kicked from the 75 yard line. Reynolds kicked off and Huntington carried the ball to the W. I. 40 yard mark. Two fumbles gave the ball to W. I. and then to Huntington. In the first play of the second quarter Reynolds intercepted a pass and after two plays charged yards several times but the whistle had a stop to this useless scrimmage. Reynolds kicked off to Huntington, who lost the ball on downs. Then slowly but surely W. I. forced the ball goalward. After much maneuvering and good playing W. I. had its first touchdown but failed to kick goal. At the end of the third quarter Huntington had the ball but lost it early in the fourth on downs. After two plays Fulton drop kicked from the thirty-six yard mark making the score 12 to 0 in favor of W. I. In the last few minutes Huntington was able to connect a pass for its only touchdown. The whistle ended W. I.'s season as well as this important game and being on the top end of the score the Huntingtoners could justly claim state championship.



DEMINI SCENIOLS



EVAN GRIFFITH, Senior, Fullback, Weight 163

Evan could not shake off the jinx that always follows W. I. football captains. In the early practice Evan received injuries which kept him from playing until late in the season, but when he did recover from them he proved one of the most valuable men on the squad. Always giving his best, whether in practice or game, he displayed an example to his team mates of the "never say die" spirit. Evan and Reynolds were the backbone of our defense, and as this was Griffith's best form of football he was an luminary. His excellent interference has caused many a back to gain yardage. On out of the way he played in the last three games he was chosen on the third all state team. He is a Senior and his position will be a hard one to fill.

ROBERT FULTON, Senior, Quarterback, Weight 160.

Bob was one of Washington Irving's best football players and was given preference over all other quarterbacks this year, winning a place on the all state team. Critics, the state over, say Bob was one of the best quarterbacks the state has ever produced. He has been aptly called a "triple threat" man. He could run the ball, either through the line or off end, an accurate passer and a good punter. His drop-kicking turned both the Huntington and Wheeling games from ties to victories. Bob was a typical quarterback, always being able to pick holes in the enemy's defense.

LORAN HULL, Junior, Tackle, Weight 175

From a mediocre player to a star, that's the story of Pat. One season a mediocre player, the next season a star. He had a knack of breaking up "off tackle" plays, using his hands and strength to break them up. Pat was a consistent player, always working hard, and a good tackler. Due to his sportsmanship and good work he was elected by his team mates as captain of '24. Under his leadership we can look for a successful season next year.

MERRILL REYNOLDS, Senior, Center, Weight 165

"Speed" was the most versatile player on the squad, playing center, tackle, and fullback, all equally well. Had he played all season as center, he would have undoubtedly been all state center, for he could pass the ball from center, open holes in the defense, and back up the line par excellence. On account of his work in the game—when he did play center, he was chosen on the third all-state team. "Speed" is a Senior, and his position will be hard to fill next year.

REMINISCENCES



JAMES WILLIS, Senior, Halfback, Weight 155

After scrubbing for two years "Jimmie" proved to be a player of merit. This was "Jimmie's" first year but notwithstanding his lack of experience he made the team, now the state champions. He could hit the line like a veteran and was a consistent ground gainer for W. I. His real value was not his offensive, but defensive ability. He could break down passes and was a fierce tackler, dropping his opponent in his tracks. His best game was against Wheeling, when he caught the pass which defeated them.

EUGENE GOFF, Senior, Line, Weight 145

Here is the smallest man on the squad. "Nick" was always in the game playing his best and fighting to the end, was one of the hardest tacklers on the squad and a good offensive end. He had a knack of using his weight in advantage in taking out opposing tacklers, and on a punt rarely ever failed to get his man, generally dropping him in his tracks. "Nick" is another Senior whose loss will be felt by the team.

JOE WINDON, Senior, Tackle, Weight 187

"Big Six," one of the few men left over from last year's squad showed wonderful improvement this year, as he was always in the fray up to his neck, using his weight to an advantage when it came to tackling or taking out men. He was one of the hardest men on the squad to get through. "Big Six" was hurt in the Weston game and was not in uniform until four weeks later. Had he not been injured he would have been on the all state team. "Big Six" played his best against the Huntington team, stopping the much touted Haberman line time and again.

NOAH ANDERSON, Sophomore, Center, Weight 140

In the season of '21 Coach Hite called candidates for center. Noah stepped up, was given a trial and put on the fourth team, from which position, by hard work and determination, he advanced to the first team this year. Noah is a Sophomore and should be one of Hite's mainstays next year.

DEMINISCENES



FEDDIE KEMPER, Senior, Halfback, Weight 150

"Ted" overcame the handicaps of lightness and lack of previous experience, earned a regular berth on the team. His assets were his ability to run the ball off-end and to receive passes. Though Ted was not a flashy player, he was a consistent one, and was always there with the old fight. He played the best game against Huntington, in which game he intercepted not fewer than five passes, stopping Huntington on one occasion from making a touchdown.

WILLIAM PIERCE, Junior, End, Weight 150

This was "Red's" second year on the team and playing like a veteran all the season, he was in every game from head to toe. When he entered a game one could see that he was determined to play his hardest. "Red" was a hard fighter, a deadly tackler, and a consistent player. If "Red" can develop some speed, he will undoubtedly be on the all-state team next year.

RUSSELL SAUCER, Junior, Guard, Weight 170

Saucer was the greenest man out for the football squad for the season of 1911, but by his continual efforts to learn football, he proved a valuable man in a smooth running machine. It was useless to try to go through guard for there was Saucer. He was one of the best defensive men on the squad and was exceptionally good on running interference. Saucer was a big man and handled himself with ease, always fighting and never quitting till the final whistle.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, Junior, Guard, Weight 161

"Bill" is another man who played his first year on the squad, but made up his lack of experience by his fighting spirit. Mike Leatherwood said Bill was the hardest working man on the squad, and well he deserved this praise, for he always put the best he had into the game. He was a good defensive and offensive man, and very adaptable in running interference. Bill is a Junior, and should be a valuable man in his Senior year.

DEMINISCOINCES



HARRY HULL, Freshman, Guard, Weight 167

Harry had never played football before he came out for this season, but he proved to be an adaptable pupil. Learning the game quickly, he was one of the best scrummen and should make a regular next season. He was a hard tackler and a good defensive man; experience is what he lacked and also needed. He has three more years to obtain this experience and should prove a most valuable man.

FRED BROWN, Senior, Tackle, Weight 175

Coach Hite started Fred at the first of the season as a fullback, later shifting him to end, and finally placing him at tackle. Fred was one of the best utility men on the squad. He was a good tackler, a good man on the offense, and while playing end, he was very adaptable at catching forward passes. His worth to the squad was shown when he played against Huntington, the state championship game.

FRANK BEE, Freshman, Guard, Weight 180

This was "Bumble's" first year on the squad. He was not on the varsity, but he made the regulars step to keep him off the team. Though "Bumble" was a green man, this being his first year playing under Washington Irving colors, he proved a valuable man in the squad. He was a fast man, notwithstanding his weight, and is a Freshman, who with three more years should be one of the best linemen Washington Irving has ever produced.

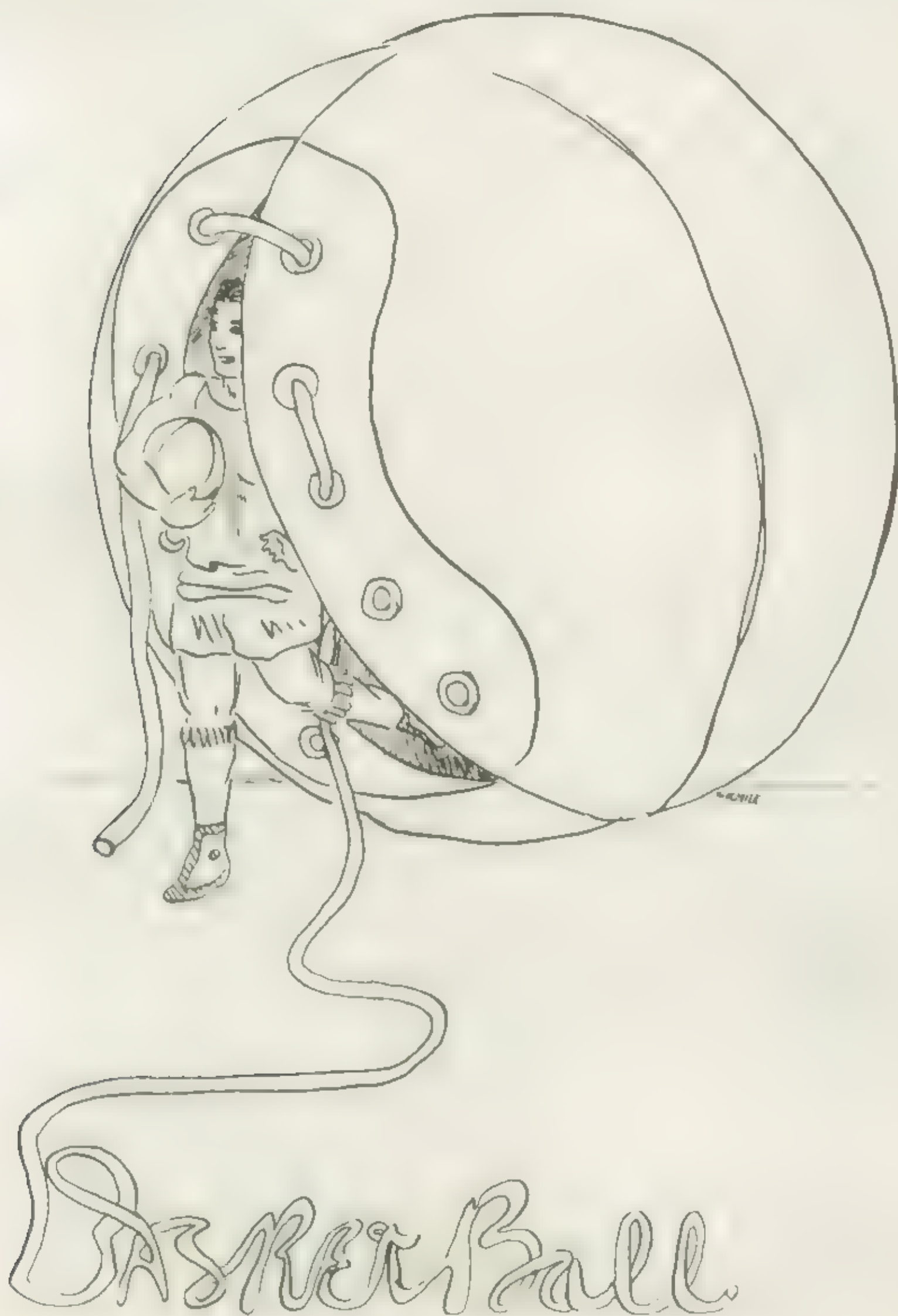
JAMES GAYLORD, Sophomore, Manager

On all state championship teams, some manager is needed to look after the business end. Jimmie did all this in a capable manner this year, always working for the good of the team and helping them whenever he could. Washington Irving was fortunate in having such a manager for this season.

DEFINISCIENCES



DE MINUS SCENICES



DE MINIMIS SCIENTIIS



DEMINI SCENARIOS

Basketball

W I. S. basketball season this year was successful. Coach Hite was fortunate in having four regulars from last year and in addition some promising material, from which he developed a floor machine which became one of the best teams in the state. The team upheld the honor of the school by making an exceptionally good record.

One of the most notable achievements of the squad was the decisive victory over Parkersburg, one of the leading teams in the state. In this game an extra period was played in which our team showed its fighting spirit and good coaching and earned a much deserved victory.

On March 2, W. I. entered the Monongahela Valley Tournament at Parkersburg. Here the Hitenmen won their first game from Keywood, but were defeated by Elkton in a heart-breaking affair which necessitated an extra period.

On March 15 the W. I. squad journeyed to Buckhannon to take part in the tenth annual tournament in that city competing against sixty-two other teams of the state. Here-to-fore, not many of the student body had ever accompanied the team, but this year there was great enthusiasm shown over the event and a good number of the loyal W. I. rooters went along to support the team. We played our first game of the tournament Thursday evening, March 15, against Salem, and defeated this team in a very close and spectacular game, and more that decided the score over our opponents.

The second game which was with Shinnston, was fast and thrilling but at no time was the outcome uncertain. In the last game of the triad, W. I. was defeated by the champions of the 1923 tournament. The quality of the Parkersburg team to save baskets from any place on the floor was the cause. The ball seemed to be a thing alive when our men shot at the basket, for time and again it would roll around the rim at the back and then drop off. For twenty consecutive years W. I. has been eliminated at the state tournament by the champions. But we have the consolation that only a better team can defeat us.



DE MINUS SCIENCE

The Games

At Home

Dec. 23—W. I. H. S.	11	At Home	38
Jan. 6—W. I. H. S.	54	Bridgeport	22
Jan. 13—W. I. H. S.	27	Grafton	20
Jan. 20—W. I. H. S.	21	Fairmont	23
Jan. 27—W. I. H. S.	41	Shinnston	18
Feb. 2—W. I. H. S.	48	Pennsboro	14
Feb. 10—W. I. H. S.	32	Parkersburg	26
Feb. 16—W. I. H. S.	56	Weston	15
Feb. 23—W. I. H. S.	49	Salem	23
Mar. 10—W. I. H. S.	14	Buckhannon	11

Abroad.

Jan. 12—W. I. H. S.	23	Shinnston	24
Jan. 19—W. I. H. S.	37	Weston	26
Jan. 26—W. I. H. S.	35	Grafton	27
Feb. 17—W. I. H. S.	27	Buckhannon	28
Feb. 24—W. I. H. S.	20	Fairmont	26

Fairmont Normal Tournament.

W. I. H. S.	33	Kingwood	9
W. I. H. S.	29	Elkins	33

State Tournament (Buckhannon).

W. I. H. S.	30	Salem	3
W. I. H. S.	28	Shinnston	17
W. I. H. S.	14	Parkersburg	22

Individual Score.

Name	Yrs. on Squad	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Points	Games
Jordan	2	43	0	86	20
Smith	2	55	100	210	20
Reep	2	70	0	140	20
Lyden	3	44	31	119	20
Reynolds	3	18	1	40	20
Baker	2	10	1	21	15
Pierce	1	4	0	8	15
Anderson	1	1	0	2	14
Cave	1	2	1	5	9
Fulton	1	0	0	0	6

REMINISCENCES



VINCENT JORDAN, Senior, (Captain) Forward.

"Vince" was a stellar forward, and one of the main cogs in the W. I. scoring machine. He was one of the fastest men on the squad, and his invincible fighting spirit held up W. I.'s hopes and frequently turned defeat into victory.

MERRILL REYNOLDS, Senior, Guard.

"Speed," one of the men left from last year's team, deserves great praise for the way in which he held down the guard position. He was one of the main men in the nineteen twenty-two machine, and proved even more valuable this year.

WILLIAM REEP, Senior, Center.

"Pickles" was one of the most aggressive men on the squad, and one of the best shots on the team. He specialized in hop-shots and scored more field goals than any other man on the team. His height gave him an advantage over most other centers.

DE MINIS SCENARIOS



EMMETT LYDEN, Senior, Forward.

This was Jerry's third year as a letter man, and his experience made him exceedingly valuable to the team. He was always full of pep, and put the best he had into the game until the final whistle sounded. He had the knack of caging long shots, which never failed to give the stand a thrill. "Jerry's" graduation will mean a loss to the school.

HAROLD SMITH, Senior, Forward.

Playing his first year at forward, "Smitty" proved a great asset at this position and played brilliantly the entire season. His foul shooting sustained the W. I. fighting spirit, and he was considered one of the most accurate shots, both from the free-throw line and court.

NOAH ANDERSON, Sophomore, Guard.

This was Anderson's first year on the squad, and by his faithful work, he landed a regular berth on the team. He was a hard fighter, could get the ball on the rebound from the basket, and could figure out what the offensive was going to do.

WILLIAM PIERCE, Junior, Guard.

"Red" was discovered late in the season by Coach Hite, and proved to be an excellent running-mate for Reynolds. His ability to cover fast gave his opponents few opportunities to cage the basket at close range.

DOMINION SCIENCE



ERVIN BAKER, Senior, Forward.

Although handicapped by lack of weight, "Bake" made up for this in speed and accuracy, and proved a very valuable man to the squad. He is a Senior and has worked three years for the glory of W. I.

ROBERT FULTON, Senior, Guard.

"Bob's" honest endeavor gave him a place of esteem in the eyes of his team mates, and his ability to shoot hopshots was par excellent. "Bob" left the squad in the middle of the season, so failed to get his letter.

PAUL CAVE, Sophomore, Forward.

Cave did not make his letter this year on account of lack of weight and experience. He is a good shot and a valuable floor man, and is one of the men the coach will use in the machine next year.

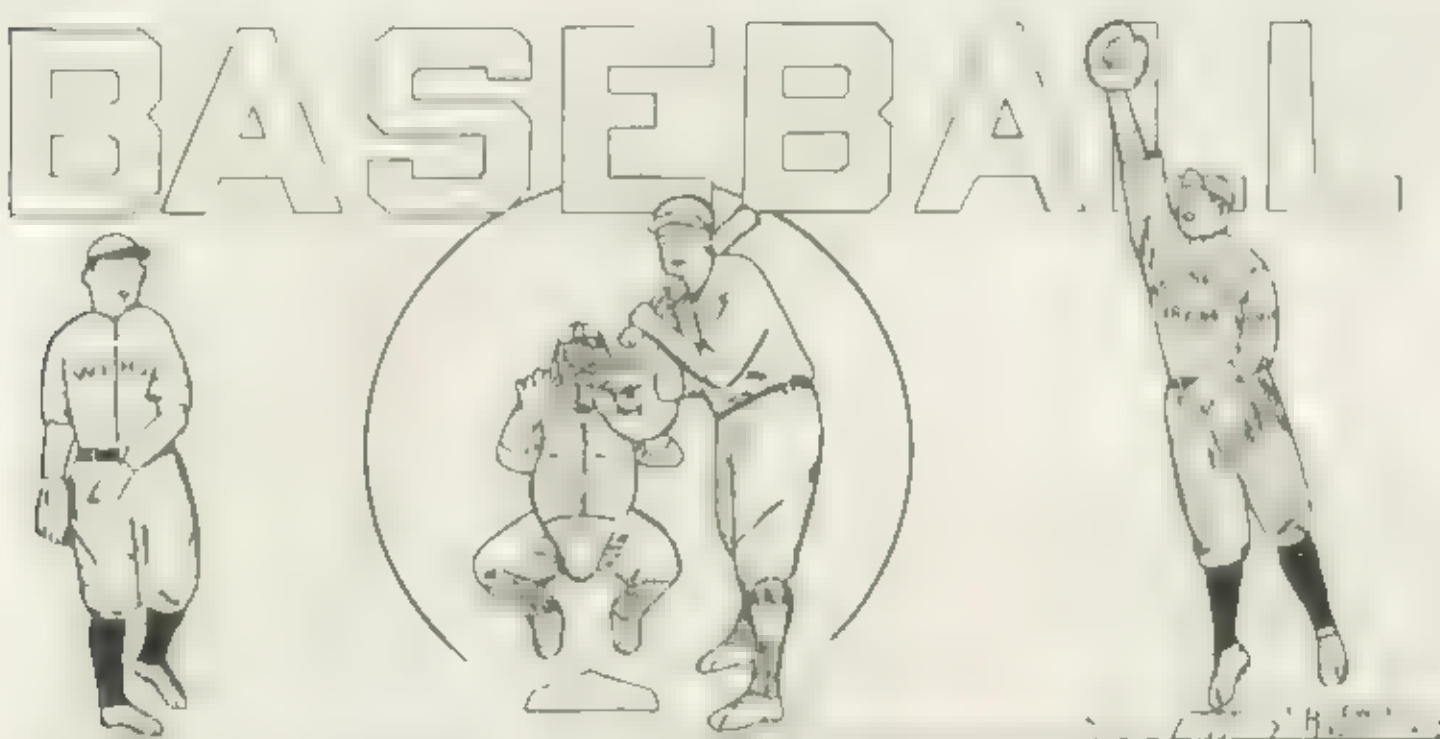
PLUMISCEINOLS



FIG. 2. 1911. A. 11.

DEMINISCIENCES

BASEBALL



Starting the baseball season with seven letter men, Coach Hite soon rounded out a smooth working machine, which had fair to cop state honors.

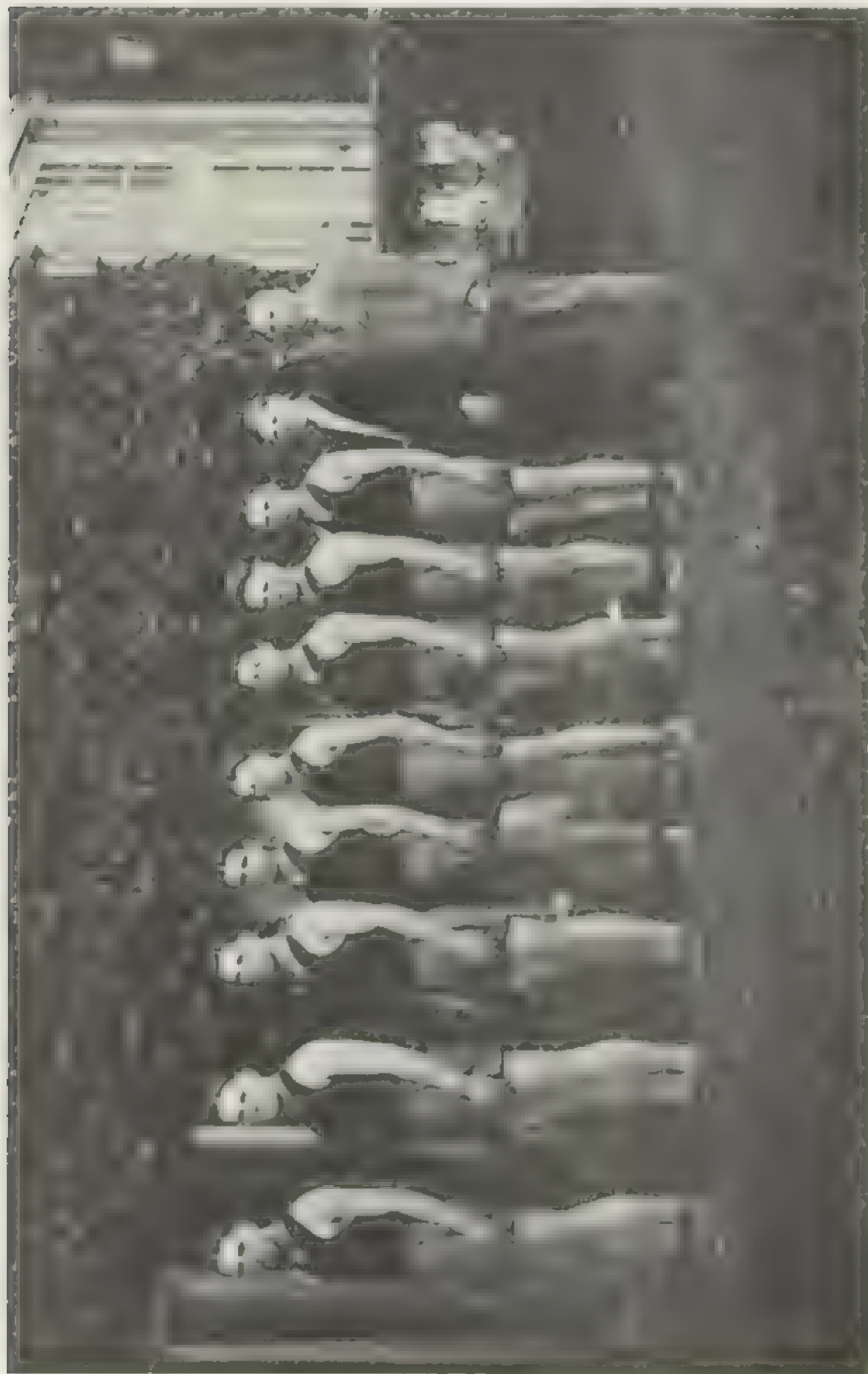
In the infield, Griffith worked faithfully behind the bat. While Arley Smith handled the initial sack with the skill of a veteran. Goff covered second base and Fulton picked up the grounders as short stop. Harold Smith again this year showed his ability on the hot corner. The outer garden was well occupied by Olier, Hull and Kemper. Musgrave and Rinehart handled the twirling end of the battery in a very efficient manner.

The season, as a whole, proved a success, the only blot on the schedule coming at the hands of West Monongah as the result of a weak battery at the time. But the attitude in which the players took their first defeat by an inferior team was indeed commendable. Using their first defeat in three years as a spur to their playing, they won the remaining games on the schedule.

West Monongah	12	W. I.	10
Shinnston	0	W. I.	20
Fairmont	3	W. I.	9
Weston (at Weston)	2	W. I.	35
Grafton (at Grafton)	1	W. I.	15
Grafton	3	W. I.	11
Victory	7	W. I.	10

Games at Fairmont and Shinnston called on account of rain.

DE MINIS SCENES



ONE HUNDRED SIX

TRACER

Although being a mediocre aggregation they fought hard for every point. In the sectional meet which was held at Norwood Park Washington Irving placed the following men: Griffith, Olier, Fulton, Windon, Morris, Lynn, Loria and Resovsky. Evan Griffith distinguished himself by being the high point man in this meet. He later placed third in the Shot Put at the Morgantown meet.

The individual W. I. records at sectional meet:

ONE HUNDRED SEVEN

DEMINISCIENCES

Expression of Appreciation

ET is with the utmost sincerity that we, the football team of Washington Irving High School, express our appreciation to those, who in any way, helped to make possible the presentation of gold footballs. First, those enthusiastic girls, who labored untiringly; next the student body as a whole; and last, the business men of our town. These three bodies not only supported us in this manner, but were pushing at all times during the season. Our love for our old school has always made us desire something in the way of remembrance, something unusual and most highly appreciated, and at last it has come. Truly, we believe that all we have done in the way of developing a strong team, has been little, compared with the love shown for us in the school. Since many of us are now closing our high school career, we can readily see, and realize, the real value of a token of this kind. While it will often bring back sad memories of the best days of our life, it will, at the same time spur that feeling of rejoicing and love within us, until we can truly appreciate our past life.

Again, we wish to thank those who made it possible. Not in an ordinary way, but from the depths of our hearts, we sincerely promise never to forget you, and the happy days spent in W. I.

Robert Fulton

Ted Kemper

Evan Griffith

James Willis

Fred Brown

Eugene Goff

Joe Windon

Russell Saucer

Merrill Reynolds

William Anderson

Noah Anderson

Harry Hull

Loran Hull

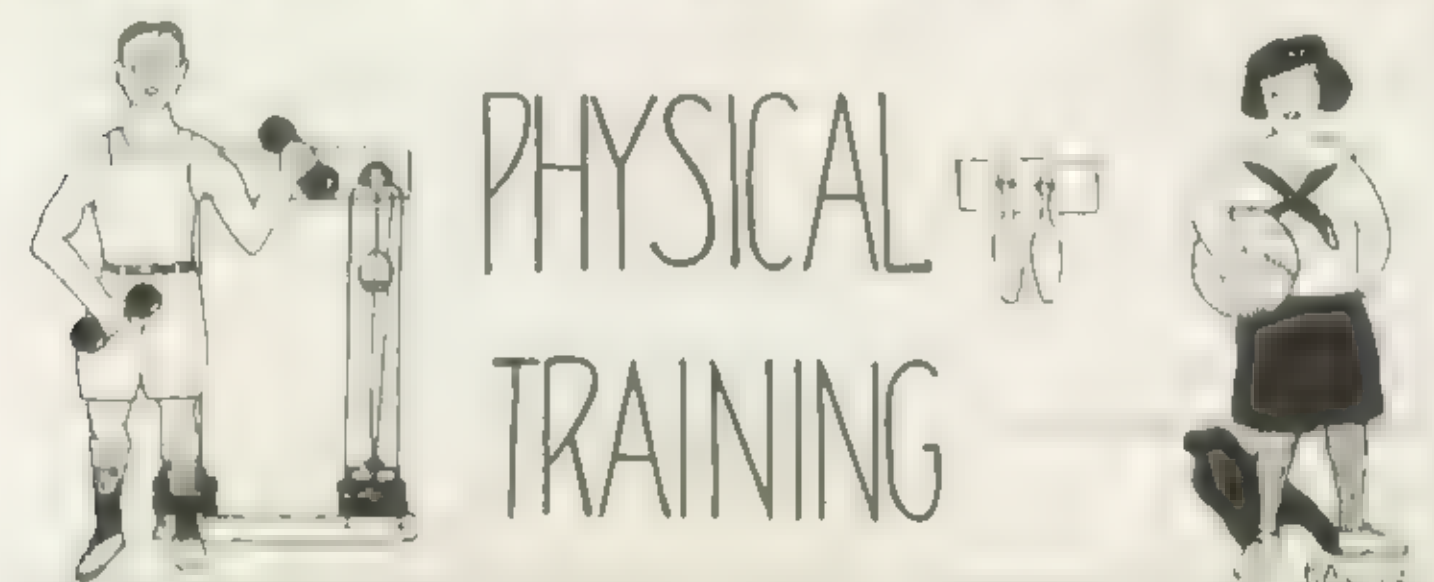
William Pierce

Frank Bee



Departments

REMINISCENCES



Girls' Physical Training Department

This year the girls of Washington Irving have found pleasure and true value in the course in physical education offered here. Cooperation in athletic letters has been shown on the part of each girl. Heaps of fun and lot of benefit have been derived from the work in the gym. It doesn't all mean 1-2-3-4 exercises, either. Almost as much excitement reigns at a basketball game played between the Whirlwinds (the Junior girls) and the Senior girls, as at any regular W. I. game.

The captains of the teams were as follows:

Seniors—Zelma Ross.

Sophomore—Ruth Smiley.

Juniors—Catherine Laubenstein.

Freshmen—Mary Virginia Sloan.

Regular swimming instructions and life saving lessons were given. We are all looking forward to what will be offered this spring. All the rapid advancement is due to our instructor, Miss Edith M. Todd, and we girls extend to her our appreciation for her interest in us and hope she will be here next year.

Boys' Physical Training Department

The Boys' Physical Education department is again under the supervision of Mr. Hite. The growth of this department is wholly apparent in the fact that there are now three classes, the nine, nine-forty-five and the ten-thirty-six clock instead of the usual nine and nine-forty-five classes. The course of work offered is delightful and beneficial both mentally and physically.

The course includes drilling, swimming and basketball. These are so arranged that one does not over-balance the others. In these classes many future basketball men are produced. The classes swim and play basketball an average of three days each week, the remaining time being devoted to drilling. Sometimes a little boxing is done to relieve the monotony of the daily routine.

One of the most interesting forms of drill is the O'Grady drill. This drill stimulates interest for the class must pay attention to the drill master to know if O'Grady did the exercise in question, if he did and says the orders the class must do the exercise.

During football season and basketball, track season, the boys are granted the use of the gymnasium for recreation and swimming. The boys have the use of the swimming pool on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, after school.

DE MINIS SCENICUS



The Music Department

The music department of the Washington Irving High School under the supervision of Professor Clarence C. Arms has contributed a true asset to the school life in many ways this year.

To our band of twenty-three pieces organized this year, is due much appreciation for the large part it played in helping to win the title of champion band. The team always fought more valiantly whenever the band appeared.

The Cadmus Glee Club, now four years old with a membership of eighty girls, was made a part of the United States Federation of Music Clubs this year, a rated status for a high school organization. At their weekly meetings classical music was presented and appreciated. Their choral work is known throughout the state. The operetta selected this year was the "Bells of Beaulieu," presented by the Cadmus Glee and Orchestra.

The orchestra although not so large this year, has entertained the school with some very fine instrumental selections. Its excellent training was shown when the director was forced to be absent for a few weeks. It continued its work without a pause under the direction of a student.

The Washington Irving Glee Club—the boys' glee club, has been training in four part work and great progress has been shown.

The Washington Irving quartette composed of Ray Benson, Arley Smith, Paul Stoneman and Howard A. Pappas certainly brought fame to the Alma Mater. Their voices blend exceedingly well and their musical calls during the year have resulted in pleased audiences.

The music course proper has consisted of choral, harmony and music appreciation classes. These classes presented the student with every side of the music scale and have served to increase the interest in the music department to a great extent.

Owing to Mr. Arms' absence, the annual operetta was later than usual.

Mr. Arms has put his best into his course and the thanks of the Senior Class are extended to him for the very valuable and he has willingly and unstintingly given us in our commencement music.

DE MINIS SCIENTIIS



DE MINIS SCIENTIIS

DE MINIS SCIENCES



REMINISCENCES



WASHINGTON HALL, 1911

DE MINIS SCENICES



The Library

We cannot overestimate the importance of our library both for study and recreation. The reference works are well chosen and fill the present needs of the school. The books on the collateral reading list are selected with a view toward cultivating a taste for clean, wholesome literature.

The librarian, Miss Griffin, gives lessons on the use of reference works, particularly the Reader's Guide and encyclopedias. She aids the students to better appreciate the use to which the library may be put.

The library numbers approximately three thousand three hundred volumes. Ninety of these have been added this year. Among them are some books on American and English Literature and a number of works for the reading list. The periodical files are always increasing in number and usefulness.

One new feature of the library is the debating shelf on which may be found books on parliamentary law, public speaking, argument and other reference works relating to debating. The shelf and its use are under the supervision of Mr. Morgart.

The Dramatic Club of 1922, gave a part of its play proceeds, and made possible the purchase of many of the books and material valuable in the work of the club. The section contains many volumes of modern plays and a current dramatic magazine.

The students appreciate the value of the library, and the work of Miss Griffin and her assistants, who have tried to teach us that "the true University of these days is a collection of books."

DEMI SCENES



MANUAL TRAINING BOYS

DEMINI SCIENCES

Manual Training

THE Manual Training department has shown rapid growth since its establishment in 1916. The success of this department has been due largely to the efforts of Mr. Fred Philpott, who has had charge of it for the past five years. There are now six regular classes, three of which are classes in mechanical drawing, and three in woodwork. During the present term, the first year mechanical drawing classes have been studying orthographic, isometric and perspective drawing, while the second year class in mechanical drawing has been studying typographical map, architectural, and machine drawing. Free hand sketching of furniture and houses has been taken up, and several members of the class have entered the contest for designing the city seal. The woodworking classes have been occupied in making useful pieces of furniture such as, library tables and lamps, bedroom furniture and other similar articles. The printing class, supervised by Mr. Philpott, has not only received practical experience along that line, but has also materially benefited the high school, as it has done the majority of the school's printing this year.

The training received in this department teaches the student to be neat and accurate in his work. It develops this initiative, and infuses in him a feeling of individual responsibility. And, finally, it increases coordination between the mind and the hands.



SEMINAR SCIENCES



• MAY • 1918 •

DEMINI SCENICLES



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The Commercial Department

The Commercial Department became an important part of the curricula of Washington Irving High School in 1914, thus affording a fine opportunity to young men and women who desire to equip themselves with a complete business education.

Under the successful management of Mr. Smith, assisted by Misses Selby, Carter and Hollins the Commercial Department has advanced rapidly, and is now one of the best business departments to be found in any high school in the state of West Virginia.

The Gregg system of shorthand and the touch system in typewriting are taught and other subjects of importance are, Salesmanship, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping, Rapid Calculation, Business English, Penmanship and Economics.

In order to promote further interest in the department the Commercial Club was re-organized. Bi-monthly meetings are held and much interest and enthusiasm has been manifested throughout the year by the members, each one striving to make the meetings interesting and worth while. Members of prominent firms of the city, attend the meetings and advise the students on different points which are required of them upon entering the business world:

The officers for the first semester:

Joe Angotti, President.
Tressie Gaines, Vice President.
Clara Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

The officers for the second semester:

Tressie Gaines, President.
Ray Benson, Vice President.
Dorothy Lynch, Secretary-Treasurer.

DOMESTIC SCIENCES



Domestic Science

Do you consider cooking a drudgery, a household task, a job that might as well be cheerfully done, since it is impossible to avoid? If that is the way you feel about it, then you never were a pupil of Mrs. Lillian Moore, supervisor of the Domestic Science Department, for she teaches the girls to love their work, to take a pride in their savory dishes as an artist takes pride in his painting. Even little browned potato may be a masterpiece. This love of culinary art, instilled in the minds of young girls, will make it an easy task, not only to find the way to a man's heart but to—well, they'll find he'll appreciate it.

Great care is taken in the study of the selection of foods, as well as in the preparation. Quality is surely as important as quantity in this instance. Attention is also given to proper balancing of meals.

In the Sophomore classes the pupils are taught to serve meals properly, and this, of itself, is a most valuable addition to any girl's knowledge of housekeeping.

REMINISCENCES



Domestic Art

THE PROGRESS OF THE DOMESTIC ART COURSE

The progress of the Domestic Art course well shows the mark of the able supervision of Miss Edith Heavner, who has so capably directed the work of the pupils.

In this section of the Home Economics Department, beauty of costume is emphasized, as determined by good line, tone, color and suitability of material, and the importance of being appropriately and attractively dressed. In this department, the girls are given an opportunity to make their clothes for the spring festivities.

Great interest is shown by the pupils in the millinery classes. The girls proved themselves quite capable in making their own fall hats, and well pleased with their success, they enthusiastically went ahead with spring headgear. The whole hat from frame to trimming is done by the students.

Will future husbands be satisfied?

ALUMNI SCIENCES

Greetings from the Alumni Association to the Class of 1923

THE Alumni of the Washington Irving High School greet the graduates of 1923, and hope that they will begin their career with confidence in themselves and faith in the sincerity of their fellow beings.

We welcome them to our ranks and desire their cooperation in maintaining this association which is designed to keep the old school spirit alive and perpetuate the friendships formed during school days.

The Association also desires to keep alive the feeling that popular education is essential and that the support of the best people of the community must be acquired to keep this idea alive.

We hope that you will achieve success in the future and reflect credit upon your school and its teachers, and to this end the Alumni Association of the Washington Irving High School will give you its cooperation and moral support.

Washington Irving High School Alumni Association:

President, Samuel Kramer.

Vice President, Eliza Smith.

Secretary, Katherine Swager.

Treasurer, Benjamin Robinson.



Organizations

REMINISCENCES

Organization Directory

Cadman Choral Club

Canterbury Club

Commercial Club

Dramatic Club

General Debating Clubs

Ninety Clubs

Webster Debating Club

Washington-Irving Glee Club

DISMISSED



REMINISCENCES

Canterbury Club

THE Canterbury Club, to which only Senior girls are eligible, is one of the most instructive in the school. In addition to the regular study of the art of story telling, we have, this year, taken up three phases of literature, the oration, the essay and the extemporaneous speech. It has been the general plan of the club to take up, as a study, different phases of the State Literary Contest. Under the supervision of Miss Edith Ann Simpson, instructor in English IV, the girls have received most valuable instruction as well as experience in public speaking, and we lose no opportunity to express our gratitude. The length of term for officers was made short, so that many might have the opportunity of conducting meetings.

Roll

Edith Annon	Gladys Morris
Helen Anderson	Gertrude Peterson
Virginia Bramham	Emma Queen
Edith Hess	Martha Ridenour
Fanny Helmick	Louise Runnion
Agnes Harper	Sommers Revercomb
Elizabeth Horr	Beulah Talkington
Geraldine Hathaway	Mildred West
Clayce Kishbaugh	Martha Wooddell
Janice Monroe	Virginia Wooddell
Virginia McKinley	Zelma Ross
Caroline Law	

REMINISCENCES



REMINISCENCES

Webster Debating Club

WEBSTER DEBATING CLUB, composed of Senior boys, has lived over one of the most successful years of its history. Debates were held on subjects, ranging from school and local affairs, to national and world-wide questions. These subjects were chosen, not only for their debating value, but also to make the members better informed on the questions now facing the world. The debates covered every phase of national life, such as, Ship Subsidy, Short Ration, Ku Klux Klan, American Intervention in European Affairs and the Ruhr Valley. Explanatory lectures were the open discussions after each debate. Here, although they sometimes waxed hot and furious, afforded each member an opportunity to take part.

For the first time, a pin was chosen for Webster. Several parties were held and these increased interest in the club.

Webster Debating Club has certainly benefited its members and none of it is due to our critic advisor, Mr. Morgart, who by his constructive criticism has enabled us to profit by our mistakes.

Members.

Officers—First Semester.

President, Stephen Highland.
Vice President, William Reep.
Secretary, Chester Albright.

Officers—Second Semester.

President, Thomas Arnett.
Vice President, James Willis.
Secretary, Frank Stuart.

Thomas Arnett	James Reed	Robert Hiller
James Willis	Kent Sizer	Chester Albright
Stephen Highland	Luther Hutton	Byron Randolph
William Reep	Andrew Wiley	Harold Merkle
Robert Davis	Jarvis Currence	Kenneth King
Reuben Rosenshine	Harry Lewis	Birk Warner
Ervin Baker	Julio Rubio	Roy Ratcliffe
Clyde Ash	Frank Stuart	Samuel Reese
Fred Goff	Haymond Stout	John Chidester
Ray Benson	James Woodzell	Pietro Muscari
Guy Bradley	Ruhl Wilfong	William Lowe
Joe Angotti	Leo Holmboe	Robert Fulton

DE MINIS SCENICES



DRAMATIC CLUB.

There this past year a crowd of Seniors, which met last fall for the organization of the most popular fourth year club, effected a successful year. The officers elected were: President, Roy Ratcliffe, Vice President, Andrew Wiley, Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Satter, and enrollment in the associate and study sections of the club began at once. Miss Edith Ann Simpson, instructor in Secret English, again had charge of all the club's activities.

For the first time a text book was used for the study of the art of the theater, and it was soon evident that two sections of the study group were necessary as more than sixty Seniors were enrolled. The text used was "One Act Plays," edited by Helen Louise Cohen, fifteen copies having been purchased by the 1922 Dramatic Club and placed in the drama section of the library. The small assessment made possible the subscription to "The Drama" and the purchase of a holder for it, and many students found it interesting. Certain members of the club placed their own copies of "The Theatre Magazine" at the disposal of the students, and the librarian set apart a shelf for our books and made the material available for us.

Another novel feature was the bulletin board, placed in Miss Simpson's room, on which were posted interesting articles and pictures of famous plays and players. Daily association, particularly speaking, with the Barrymores and their uncle John Drew, the "divine Sarah," David Warfield, Walter Hampden, Fritz Leiber and others equally famous, seemed to increase the interest in the drama and many valuable things were contributed, some of them by Seniors who were not enrolled in the club.

"Saint Night" was the club's first public performance and it was a successful one. A few weeks later, an open meeting was held in the auditorium to observe National Dramatic Week, and certain suggestions made by the Drama League were carried out and much originality was displayed. A short play "Two Crooks and a Lady" was presented as a part of the program. In March two one-act plays, "The Welsh Honeymoon," and "The Widdy's Mate" made up an evening's program and many favorable comments were heard. A synopsis of each play was given by one of the members, and the program was varied by an orchestra, a duet, and a quartet. Present plans include the presentation of Anatole France's "Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," and in May, a college comedy, "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," will be the grand finale for what we feel has been a successful year.

DEMINISCOLS

General Debating Club

THE great trouble with high school students today is their inability to think rapidly and express themselves while speaking. Washington Irving has done much to remedy this failing, one of its greatest accomplishments being the organization of two general debating clubs, one for Juniors and Seniors and another for V. A. Harold Morgart. The purpose of these clubs is to develop ability and ease in public speaking, to take up an interesting study of public questions and to promote and organize all activities of the school not of a debasing but athletic, the "Hilltop", "Reminiscences" and the social activities of Washington Irving. A study of parliamentary law, extemporaneous speaking and debating has been taken up.

The Morgart Debating Club was organized with Janice Peck, President, Martin Sloan, Vice President, and Catherine Landon for Secretary-Treasurer. With the growing interest in the club it became necessary to organize a second club, the Irving Debating Society. Its officers were Virginia Hall, President, Clara Lewis, Vice President, and Fred Caruso, Secretary-Treasurer.

On January 9, two members of the Morgart Debating Club, Luther Patton and Martin Sloan debated a similar organization of Victoria upon the Foray Macomber Landfill. The Washington Irving students were judged the victors. As a result of this debate, 16 outside schools have been met, but plans are progressing for debates with several schools.

The officers of the Morgart Debating Club for the second semester are Loran Hull, President, Cayce K. O'Laugh, Vice President, and Virginia Crew, Secretary-Treasurer. The officers of the Irving Society are Fred Caruso, President, Audrey McClay, Vice President, and Clara Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

DEMINISCOLNICS

Ninety Clubs

The Ninety Club is limited to those students who make ninety and above in each subject named. A marked enthusiasm has been shown in attending to this subject as a result many more have been eager to join the club this year than in former years.

Senior Ninety Club.

Gladys Becker, 2, 3.
Elizabeth Breternitz, 2, 3.
Virginia Bramham 1, 2, 3
Guy Bradley, 1, 2, 3.
Josephine Crile, 2, 3.
Helen Crile, 2, 3.
Virginia Crews, 1, 2, 3.
Louise Cornell, 1, 2, 3.
John Chidester, 1, 2, 3.
Winifred Graves, 1, 2, 3.
Clifford Hoskinson, 2, 3.
Helen McNary, 1, 2, 3.
Virginia Mills, 1, 3.
Evelyn McDaniel, 3.

Lillian Michael, 3.
Beulah Mitchell, 2, 3.
Emma Queen, 1, 2, 3
Louise Runnion, 2, 3.
Byron Randolph, 1.
Lila Skene, 3.
Mary Sutter, 2, 3.
Eleanor Sloan, 1, 2, 3.
Elizabeth Sloan, 1, 2, 3.
Natalie Simmerman, 1, 2, 3.
Frank Stuart, 2, 3.
Edith White, 1, 2, 3.
James Willis, 1.

Junior Ninety Club.

Leonard Board, 2, 3.
Emma Findley, 3.
Caroline Gabriel, 1, 2, 3.
Eva Hammer, 1, 2.
Ethel Kester, 3.
Mildred Keys, 3.
Clara Lewis, 2, 3.
Nora Knight, 1, 2, 3.
Ruth Mason
Janice Peck, 2, 3.
Virginia Rector, 3.

Blanche Robinson, 1, 3.
Mary Romano 3.
Nora Lewis, 1, 3.
Dorothy Root, 1, 3.
Bessie Rosen, 1, 2, 3
Katherine Shetter, 2.
Martha Sloan, 2, 3.
Elizabeth Simpson, 2, 3.
Neal Swentzel, 2.
Anna White, 1, 2, 3.
Eleanor Wood, 1, 3.

Sophomore Ninety Club.

Sam Angotti, 2.
Howard Alltop, 1, 2, 3.
Leontina Barnett, 1, 2, 3.
Armita Foringer, 2, 3.
Selma Fendrick, 3.
Ethel Frum, 2, 3.
Jean Gainer, 3.
Mildred McIntyre, 3.
Blanche Meyer, 2.

Helen Orr, 2, 3.
Sarah Rosen, 2, 3.
Anna Ridenour, 1, 2, 3.
Virginia Ripley, 2, 3
Hilda Rosenshine, 3.
Mildred Smith, 2, 3.
Ruth Smilev, 3.
Elma Stout, 1, 3.
Esther Vore, 2.

Literary

DOMINUS SCENICUS

Literary

ALL HAIL! '23!

We Seniors think of our school life
As time for fun and cheer,
In later years we ne'er will know,
Of one thing half so dear.

As Freshmen, all was new to us,
The books and teachers, too
Our school days then were rough at times
But always we pledged true.

As Sophies, school seemed more like life
Of happy days we've told,
Spent in the old familiar halls,
Where all have often strolled.

Juniors then, we were at last,
Our best we tried to do,
In entertaining royally,
The class of '22.

Nearer and nearer, draws the day,
When graduated we'll be,
Here's to the class of fine old friends!
All hail to '23!

R R '23

DEMINUSCULES

REGARDING TURKEY.

They say that many characteristics, such as large feet and tuberculosis, are sort of family heirlooms, and are handed down from one generation to another. One of the characteristics I inherited from my father, besides manly strength, large ears, a prominent nose, and bow legs, was an unusual abhorrence of my town's fowl. I don't, however, I don't include the eating of them, (I usually set the pace along that line). But an old cranky setting hen and a doughty little banty rooster are my dread.

Especially do I remember with a shudder my first attempt to kill a chicken. The victim was an old, tough, bone-socker, of some twenty years or more, and the result, a tasty little bit which made me, I have since as often heard, a perfect food connoisseur. After I had stewed that way through, he broke loose and chased me for some two weeks before his head dropped off. That was my last attempt at this.

But to get to the story (it concerns another species of fowl which comes to mind now, I don't want to work in November) of it is known that my mother had bought a small two-year-old turkey, and had him in a old chicken house with a cross window, and was fattening him for Christmas day. Let it be further known, that in a house across the way, lived a very old old man, who had been in the town with our family for the past five years, and who died on a regular basis and setting hen, because he knew both my father and I feared them.

On the morning of the third day after the advent of the turkey, I was asked, that is, asked the first time, ordered to go and take and drive out with a broom the bird, to give old Mr. Turkey his tea food. More caution, by that experience, I streaked up behind the door and, and raised a small, that is, in the town. No sooner had I raised the door than there came a sudden commotion from within and Old Mr. Turkey came right out through that cross window, taking gas and all the other way before him, soared majestically over the top of our house and alighted in that much dreaded chicken lot of old Miss Persimmon.

Well, at least I can say I stood my ground (my coat had caught on a nail and delayed my departure), so, much, that my will, I she did across the road and into the old man's back yard. Sure enough, in the chicken lot, I perceived the turkey, and, and only opening the door and stepping aside, was just at the point of grasping him when I was beset by four, various old setting hens, on the front and five pecky little banty roosters in the rear. During the ensuing confusion old Miss Persimmon awakened from her heavy sleep (she needed it), stamped out in the porch, glared around, picked up her up a fraction that made me think of her name, and with a very exclamation, "You awfully big! Aye! That! Just wait till I git my mop!"

Reappearing with that article, she rushed down the steps, that is, started with a rush, which ended in a stance when she caught sight of our twenty-pound turkey which had escaped through the open door and was coming at her at about forty miles an hour. Now it happened that this old turkey had a pet aversion to our birds, and when he observed old Miss Persimmon, he let out a awful caw, and, sitting on a board, orders straight her square apron and passed on. Now it also happened this old man's legs, though substantial, even were obstructed for their speed nor agility and when Mr. Turkey hit her, she came right down on her new gingham dress.

DEMINI SCULINOLS

Taking advantage of her momentary disadvantage I warded off the chickens, pulled out the gate, decapitated a vicious savage of the mob, harnessed it into the street, and before my astonished gaze there appeared Old Mr. Turkey, standing as the road as I thought he should. Stuttering my eyes, I traced a living, a live, graceful creature of feathers and claws and came for a closer look. As neither the appearance of the scene and the between us, we finally subdued the bird and dragged him to his pen.

Then, while I danced around holding the turkey with one hand, and holding the other hand in case he should escape, my mother rushed here and there looking for a board to prop up the door. She became greatly excited and grasped the rope of the great horse, which happened to be attached to the board which had been used to prop up the Woolworth Building, dragged it forth, and propped it against the door.

Carrying the turkey inside, I moved a great stone and hurried back to the house and my interrupted "Hero of Bloody Gulch." While deeply engrossed in the matter of a turkey, I was, I suppose, very much surprised when she came forward holding that old rusty, dilapidated sawed-off shotgun and, in a loud voice, "Here's my turkey, you may now cut off the turkey's head."

D. A. '24.

"BEWARE OF ALL, BUT MOST BEWARE OF MEN."

Isabel Williams and Mary Owens, newly-acquainted roommates, had experienced their first day in college and, in the disordered place, that would in time be a room, were discussing the events of the day. Isabel was the most of the talking for she, that afternoon, had discovered (as she thought) her ideal man, Donald Bruce, senior and football star. "Isn't he glorious?" she sighed. "And he was so polite when Belle introduced me. Oh, I think he's simply mar-vel-o-u-s." Thus Isabel entertained Mary nearly every evening. In time, Don called often, very often, to see the two girls. Mary always remained polite, while Isabel sparkled with wit and merriment. The sport days, she looked with envy on the Freshman Don was "making" and after a while began to think that the same would be true of Isabel who was "getting on." Whenever there was a party at one of the girls' homes, Isabel always gave Mary the chance to ask Don, and that privilege always forced Mary to accompany them, because Isabel knew that she had no one to go with. However, Don never acted as though he thought she was in the way.

When the Easter holidays came Mary announced her intention of going home, but Isabel decided to stay because Don was leaving Saturday night and "not coming down to breakfast." She found a note from Don waiting for her, saying that he was called away "suddenly" and was terribly worried about the matter that afternoon. The two girls were very restless and when school opened Monday, neither Mary nor Don had returned, so the day dragged away by bringing the other students down to school. That evening Isabel strode into the living room, dropped at a Morris chair, and, upon picking up the evening paper, she read the following:

Football Star Weds.

Donald Bruce, of Williams' College, All American Halfback, marries Miss Mary Owens, Freshman at the same college, Easter Sunday.

Isabel could read no further, crushing the paper into a ball, she sank dazedly on the sofa, her rope and chain in her hands, and never moved.

H. C. '23

DOMINION COLLEGE

BOOKS.

In looking about our libraries and those of our friends do we ever stop to think how much book-resembling people? No? We let me show you a few familiar types.

There is the dog-eared book. It has marks of service, and usually lower service at that. The recipes, the quotations, and helpful little passages are marked for future reference. It is just probable that this book was forgotten, not in looking for desired knowledge in more ornate books, you found this one far better than the others. Or most likely it was in the dirty parcel, packed away beneath the eaves. You eagerly searched in it for the data and then turned the pages down.

Some people are just like these books. You all know some quiet, little creature of a lady who is a "book girl", searching life. You quite suddenly need help. "Oh, where is that recipe of mine for chocolate pudding?" or "Who can find me that poem beginning: 'To him who in the love of nature etc.'?" The Miss Mchitable, the little lady is remembered. You begin to get notice and receive the much needed information. After that, Miss Mchitable becomes a fast friend of yours.

Then we have the old-fashioned primer such as our grandmothers and fathers used many years ago. They are plain little sober looking books. Often they are a wee bit "preachy" but there is a quaint joy in reading them, and we treasure them for that. Some of me when you visit Great Aunt Lucretia remember this comparison. If you sit near the window Aunt Lucretia rushes over to you and says, "You poor dear, let me put this shawl around you. I know you must feel a draft. Do you mean to say you don't wear overshoes? I must get your mother and ask her what she is thinking about? Why, you will get your death of cold, the very death." We are often rather vexed at this "vexatious" attitude but then we gently relegate it and love Aunt Lucretia more than ever.

Then there are those wonderfully bound books, dearly bought, but of no earthly good except for the beautiful binding. There are would be cultured people too, who are wonderfully polished and refined (so it seems). After a few moments serious conversation with them you readily see that the leather or beautiful binding cover a multitude of insignificant and mean characters. But then of course, some of these beautiful books contain rare jewels of literature. So with people, some are truly cultured and fulfill all expectations.

Next come our dearly beloved school books. Some may look innocent enough but when Mrs. Stimpie says, "I made the next ten lines at eight," you will realize why these books undoubtedly contain more than you had thought. Some of the leaves are written on, sometimes helpfully and some times not so helpfully. In your many conversations during the day, the people with whom you talk are like these books. Do you merely catch their witty sayings, or do you pick out and save the helpful hints they drop?

The next in line are "Snappy Stories", "Life", "Judge", "College Wits". In these we find spicy bits of wit for almost every occasion. These make the old world take on a new and sometimes, but would we want them all the time? You all know that sometimes you feel so blue you're almost purple, you've lost your last friend and don't care whether you live or die. And then some happy-go-lucky person greets you with a cheery bit of humor and the world looks different. Nest-ce pas?

DEMINISCOINCES

After this, when you pick up a book, be careful how you handle it. Don't fling it into the corner if it is "preachy" or inane. Don't turn the leaves down and be sure not to write on the pages. If you may be mistreating some friends of yours at the same time. These books may be read in the library, so remember the owner of "Book," the friends, should not be abused."

J. C., '23

LOS TRES TOREADORES.

Don Izquierdo y Don Derecho, dos favoritos toreadores de Sevilla cuando piñeros, pretendieron para un año de aforo a Senorita Marie. Cual = latras. El día antes del gran toreo, Don Izquierdo y Don Derecho, se dirigieron a Senorita Marie. Cuando se acercaron a ella le preguntaron, "¿Cual quiere Vd.?" Después de un momento de hesitación, la senorita contesto, "Les dire mañana despues del toreo."

El día del toreo amanazo claro y sereno. Temprano de la mañana el circo del toreo amanazo claro y sereno. Temprano de la mañana?? el circo se lleno de pueblo. Senorita Marie se Hallo en el aprieto del Presidente. Los dos toreadores entraron en el aro y se inclinaron a la Senorita. El toro se lanzaro en el aro. La Senorita tiro su rosa en el aro y la por ventura, se coloco en los cuernos del eoro. Ambos avanzaron para coger la rosa. !Pero,! Ay! el toro los coja entendio en su cuernos, y les tiro sangrientes en el circo.

Ambos, dando el ultimo suspiro, le preguntaron, ¿Cual quiere Vd?

De por aho, pero cuero, nada en el circo. De Don Derecho, nada de Vds.

Pero, un medico no era preciso.

B. R. '23 and G. B. '23

THE TEAM.

There are football teams and football teams
Of many different kinds,
But a match for the one in '23
Will sure be hard to find.

They battled hard and strenuously,
Their games were clean and true
The spirit they displayed throughout,
Was sportsmanlike clear through.

They fought hard to be champions,
To win laurels while they may,
And Friend Mannington decided
She had better stay away.

Each year the loval team resolves,
To excel the one before,
So, boys, we wish you heaps o' luck
In the year of '24.

J. P. '24.

DEMINI SCENES

A REVERIE.

It was spring. The glowing light of the setting sun lay like a golden beam over the road below, and transformed the neat little garden into flames of living lanes. One mooning light fell through the open front window, and lay like a box of gaudy gold on the floor. The flowers were all in blossom, the breeze, with a perfumed sweetness, told of multitudes of tender, growing things. There was no sound save the howling of the wind, the rustling of the leaves of the apple tree, and the far-off barking of a dog.

Although her eyes looked toward them, the violet shadows on the distant hills deepened to purple, and faded away in the evening sky. In the low chair by the window. Her knitting had fallen unnoticed to the floor, and the busy hands were still. The old lady had crept into the heart of Mary Burton, and she was not to leave a record of her with memories of old friends and faces. Once she would not have dared remember, for remembrance then brought only bitterness and sorrow, but time had healed the old hurt and she found now only sad sweetness as faint and elusive as the scent of dead rose leaves.

Once she was a girl and it was her seventeenth birthday. She awakened at the first light of dawn and springing out of bed she hastily dressed, and putting on the old blue dress, which she had worn since she was a child, she ran quickly down the garden path. At the moment she was seventeen years old, and according to the old law of the land she was then, over her left shoulder, so that at midnight she was the mistress of the track the first train. She would meet with a Prince Charming.

The smooth, milk-white stones were easily found among the pebbles on the brooklet's sandy banks. The next thing was to throw them all into the middle of the stream. For a moment she hesitated. No, she would make sure, and so she scrambled through the old rail fence, and running quickly down the highway, she soon came to the little bridge which spanned the stream. From this point of vantage, she could drop her pebbles into the clear pool below. As she laid off her hat, she repeated softly the old charm:

"Strong and faithful, brave and true,
My lover shall come some day to woo;
This will bring him soon I ween,
For on this day I'm seventeen."

Startled by the sound of foot beats, she turned around. There, seated on a magnificent horse was a young and handsome stranger. The old charm came back to her. "The first man shall be your Prince Charming," and at the thought a flood of crimson dyed her cheeks.

Little did she know the picture she made, her blue eyes opened in childlike wonder, her cheeks flushed and her tender little heart fluttered. The young man's eyes were on her shoulders, her little head and neck were nervously at the necks of her dog, the old gaudy lamp. As yet had child and woman, she was a creature such as had never worshipped fought and died for, all through history.

But Mary suddenly stepped back, the old rail guard snapped and she followed her pebbles into the pool. It was only a short fall, but the water was cold and it was a forlorn, dripping little girl that the handsome stranger reported at Farmer Holway's a little later. This had

THE MINNISCOTTES

the friendship begun, for the stranger was none other than the "young city chap" who had taken up the farm adjoining that of Mary's father.

And so the days passed happily by, for to little Mary, Dick Burton came a vision of life in another world, and to Dick, Mary was a sort of ever-changing miracle.

And then one day came Leslie Willis, a distant cousin of Mary's, to spend the summer on the farm. Beautiful, dainty, refined, she came from a fashionable finishing school. On hearing who lived on the adjoining farm, she exclaimed delightedly: "Dick Burton! I wonder if it can be the Dick Burton I once knew? An old admirer of mine, you know." As Mary looked at the beautiful picture Leslie made in her exquisite gowns, she vaguely hoped that Dick Burton would not come. But he did, and he seemed delighted to see his old friend, and laughed and talked merrily of people and things in the city, while poor little Mary sat by, trying to comprehend, and feeling once again that the two were of another world.

So when Leslie whispered that night: "I'm so glad I came, for you see, Dick Burton once wished to marry me, but I didn't know then whether I loved him or not. And now, I sometimes think I do." Mary immediately resolved to bring these two together as much as possible. She decided to let them be together for the two most wonderful things ever known to belong to each other, and yet

And so Mary worked and planned with a shrewdness far beyond her years. On walks and drives or picnic excursions, everywhere the three went, Mary contrived to leave Leslie and Dick together on the plea that Leslie had to go home and had to go back to attend to it, saying she would quickly return, but she never did.

Then one lovely starlit night, when she had left them on the veranda and had gone to her room, Mary knew that she loved Richard Burton with all the strength of her woman's soul. Hopelessly, she tried to determine the best course to take. To her simple soul there seemed but one thing to do—give him up—but her heart cried out against this. So the next day when she awoke, she shivered, and when dawn came and it found a forlorn little girl determined to do her duty as she saw it at a cost so great she dared not think of it.

From that time she schemed and planned even more than before, but night found her completely tired out and the morning unrefreshed. Only the days when the old comradeship with Dick seemed to return were bright. And when listening to his gentle admonition or gay jests she forgot her determination, for something seemed to say the light in his eyes meant more than friendship.

One night he came to her as she was sitting alone in the moonlight flooded garden of the Van Ness estate. It was the annual garden party, given by the aristocratic summer residents of Perryville to the people of the surrounding country side, and the smooth, velvet lawns of the garden, the Italian terrace were thronged with merry-makers. Mary had sought this secluded nook on the edge of the garden that she might be alone. When her cousin once accused her of deliberately choosing this spot that Dick Burton might seek her out, she steadfastly assured herself that such was not the case. And when he came to her he thought he had never seen her so lovely, for the sound of his unexpected step had sent a flush of lovely rose to her cheeks and a soft, glad light to her eyes. They talked, but not for what of, for the world seemed very good that night.

PLUMISCIENCES

a mystical moonlit world, in which neither age nor sorrow had a state and naught existed but the joyous comradeship of youth.

After a long silence broken only by the soft sobbing of a tearful infant, Barton suddenly said, "Mary, why have you acted so lately? Why do you always run away?" The deep tones of his voice, the tenderness of the utterance, the deeper meaning implied, all touched her, and then the gladness died in her eyes. It must be assurance that he waited and so she spoke. "Because you love her —" the sad little voice broke. Barton started forward with an eager light in his eyes and arms half outstretched. Her next words checked him. "And," she continued with a pathetic little catch in her throat, "And she — yes — you — She told me so."

Something like a great escaped Burton, he hesitated that winter around and left without a backward glance. And so it was that only the great tree above her heard the anguished, "Dick, don't go, I can't —", and only the night wind caressed the hot eyelids.

It was later when Mary went over to join the villagers that the blow fell. A smiling, laughing Leslie Willis, a wonderfully lively Leslie, came to her, and having her closely, held up a slim white hand with a sparkling diamond upon the third finger, and rapturously whispered "Dick Burton!"

Somehow Mary wished her happiness, and then, quickly escaping from the crowd, he started on blindly to me, and up to her room. There through the long hours of the night Mary Holaday battled fiercely against the strong desire to end it all, to seek the mistress and peace of death. But when morning came a pale but determined little woman descended to face the tasks of that day and the future days to come.

Then after a time, had come the marriage of Dick and Leslie, and their departure to the distant city. Mary lived on at home, and so the years passed with their measure of joy and grief. The purposeless days of the first few years were filled to overflowing with little kindly homey deeds. Nothing happened in the countryside but Mary shared it, joy and grief alike. And thus in serving others and knowing the joy of their love, she learned once more to love as she had in her childhood, true, whom in the dark days she had grown to hate.

News was seldom heard of the Bartons, but after ten years had passed came the word of serious business reverse followed soon after by the death of Leslie.

A few years later Dick Burton returned to Perryville, to the little farm which was his sole remaining property. At last in desperation he had come, as the others, to Mary for help, and she had taken charge of his two rolicking children and his home. Quickly the little cottage was transformed into a cozy home once more.

And so it was, that one day while talking of the past, the truth came out, explanations followed, and soon afterwards, the quiet little wedding. How glad the children had been, and —

The clatter of the wagon as the father and children drove up and the big booming voice of her husband as he called out, "Supper ready, mother!" startled the dreamer from her reverie. The man smiled tenderly at the warmth of her welcoming kiss and a gleam of loving understanding shone in his eyes as he held her close.

M. F. C. '23

FEMINISMS

BOYS.

"Boys," as the poet, or someone else says, "will be boys." On second thought, it must have been the poet for no one else would have the nerve to make such a false statement. The truth of the matter is that boys will not be boys but will be cake eaters, roughnecks, junior Valentinos, pool sharks, et cetera. (Particularly the latter.)

I suppose boys are all right in their place but it is impossible for me to believe when I see a boy. A boy will go at a way that his kind were absolutely necessary, on the grounds that they must keep a pool room, and a variety factory, pay for a car and trolley, and keep a barber shop. But as a true feminist I must say that I truly believe and will even, if the boys find the above named occupations, especially keeping up the last named. At any rate, my more or less intelligent reader, if all these occupations should fail, still, in this land of the flea and the horse of the wax, there would be positions open in the range, soap and other factories, manufacturing articles for purely feminine use.

In the words of the immortal Pat Henry, who said, while speaking at the county fair, "Give me a drink or I'll lose my breath," we wish to apologize for stopping a few minutes while we trot over to the drug store and inhale a coke. (Now to go on with the story, or as Shakespeare says, "On with the dance.")

Girls, always remember that boys are your everlasting enemies and you must get even with them some way. Listen, we mean look, while we tell you a few ways of doing it.

Always go to the show with them for you'll make them spend their hard earned money. Give them your Friendship pins for most likely they will stick themselves. Always let them put their arms around you for they will wear out their coat sleeves. Remember, "Revenge is sweet!" Oh, Daddy!

Now, my dearly beloved girls, if you will follow my valuable advice you will save years of trouble and worry—which reminds us that we were supposed to be writing of boys. But as John Milton says, "Always write of what is in your heart," and that's what I did.

Yours feministically

R. F. S. '23.

EVEN AFRICA MAY BE HOME.

With the wind from the ocean tugging at her dress and tossing her black curls, Ariel stood gazing over the waters, alone on the height of a towering cliff. When her mind was in such a turmoil, that she felt she could stand no longer, Ariel always climbed to the top, and gazed out over the water, and imagined she could see her own land, for beyond the horizon. How long had it been since she had left that almost forgotten shore? Nearly ten years, and Ariel was seventeen now.

Suddenly she started, as if a spell which had held her bound had snapped at a twain. As ever with attention, the child started her eyes, with a hand as milk-white as her brow. Ah, she had not been mistaken, for, far out there, a large, tossing, moving and magnificent whale was a big

Turning with the swiftness of a gazelle, the girl ran down the side of the cliff, over loose rocks that would have tripped less nimble feet,

DELMI'S SOLENNITIES

ALL THE crystal rivulets, thru patches of soft moss, down, down to the feet of the girl and along the white sand's carpeted floor, graceful, her eyes grew with excitement, for she had seen that when she had waited three long, long days!

Far ahead of her in a grove of tall palms, on a thatched hut, by a cornered small mats, one of which was set apart from the others. In the vine-covered cottage the girl sat, looking out from a window at the feet of a man of perhaps fifty years of age. No words were necessary, for the girl's eyes told the man all he wanted to know. He smiled and then lifted the girl to his feet. As he stood there, looking into her expectant eyes, he would have measured at least six feet. He had life as a missionary in this barren land, but not wasted, but rather, had strengthened the man two-fold. Proudly he put his arm around the young beauty, and together they walked down thru the village to the primitive wharf. There, in a sheltered cove they sat, waiting, waiting for the boat which would take the boy and girl to the feet of little Ariel. There were tears in the man's eyes, but only smiles lay in those of the girl.

At last it came! The great ship had anchored a half mile from the little village. Almost unable to control her emotion, Ariel watched the sailors lower a boat, then two or three men, a woman, and the sailors started for the shore. But as she watched, the emotion which had held her body tense, left her, and a cold feeling touched her heart, for now the boat had landed, and three people had walked toward Ariel and her father, the missionary. Surely, it surely must be the sister of her own dear mother, the mother who had been so sweet and gentle, whom she could have remembered now! The beautiful woman, the girl woman did not seem to be Ariel's own blood. Something seemed to enter at the girl's throat! The dream of crossing the water, of returning to the State, the dream of seeing, of everything that a girl ever did in her heart with the realization of all it would mean to her, and to her father. Could she ever love this woman? Could she leave her father?

Above on a towering cliff stood a girl, tiny in her infinite surroundings. The wind caught the flying curls and blew them back from her face, a face pale, but having a look of triumph, not a look of anger or discontent.

As she gazed out far over the waves, she saw disappear from view the ship, the ship, and with it went her dreams! Her heart moved, she spoke "No, I never could leave this shore, for this is my home. If those are my people, I do not want them, for I am far happier here, where I belong." And she stretched out a tiny hand and twined her fingers in the long shaggy hair of her dog.

F. H. '23

THE GAME.

Time: Between halves of a football game.

Place: A bare unfinished room, with six or eight rough benches around the walls. There is a door on the left.

Character: Youth, tenth string man on team; Harvest Re-creator, team and subs; Experience, the coach; Fatherhood, the parent of youth; Friendship, Youth's chum; Instruction
Justice,
Fear.

DEMINI SCENES

Bluff,
Dishonesty.

A noise, of loud talking and heavy steps, are heard. Experience opens the door and enters, followed in straggling order by Honest Recreation, who throw themselves on the benches and floor. Experience attempts to amuse the boys a word of advice here and there. Honest Recreation looks guilty. Suddenly there is a very sudden yawn. Experience turns to find Youth (in center of stage) with his mouth open.

Experience: "What time did you get to bed last night, Youth?"

Youth (sheepishly): "Eleven, sir."

Ex.: "Out somewhere?"

Youth: "No, sir; cramming."

Ex. (laughs calmly): "Well, cram this into your head—I never pays to cram anything work or play. Now go over on that bench (pointing) and take a nap. (Warningly.) You've got to play square with yourself. (Youth or Honest Recreation laughs, as Youth stumbles over to a bench at extreme upper right of stage and, throwing himself down heavily, turns his face to the wall.) As he apparently goes to sleep the loud talking and laughing gradually cease and at the same time a heavy, dark curtain falls between sleeping Youth and Honest Recreation. Everything is quiet for a second, then through the curtain comes Justice clad in a judge's robe, his arms crossed on his chest, his aspect stern. He goes to right of stage and stands near Youth. Next comes a crowd composed of Experience, Fatherhood, Friendship and Instruction (the last three clad in twentieth century fashion). Fear, Bluff, and Dishonesty, are played by small boys and dressed as little red imps. During the time these three are on the stage they act in an impertinent, mischievous fashion with the others. This crowd places itself in a loose, graceful group at left of stage. Lastly through the curtain comes Honest Recreation and seat themselves crosslegged in a row in the center of the stage.

Justice: "What proof have you?"

Ex.: "Youth is not fair to his body. He does not form regular habits of eating, sleeping and exercising. He overtaxes his digestive system with rich and unwholesome food, and denies his body the rest which it requires. He strains his system with violent and infrequent exercise. Worst of all, he does not realize the necessity of training his body. Youth disregards all that I teach him."

(Bluff springs forward and prances before Experience.)

Bluff: "He! But with my help he fooled you many a time. And what too, we had aughting at you afterward." (Chewing and snapping his knee) I put aoger into him at breakfast, when he grew tired and sleepy and I pushed him into life—(He pulls out a dart and aims at Experience who grasps him by the collar and holds him in air, turning to Justice).

Justice: "Put the rascal out, Experience."

(Experience drops Bluff behind the curtain and goes to his place dusting his palms.)

Justice: "What other proof is there of Youth's guilt?"

DEMINI SCIENCES

Fatherhood (stepping forward): "I am Fatherhood. I love Youth, but I have much to accuse him of. He destroys his soul by reading bad books, seeing questionable movies, and making harmful friends. He has no respect or veneration for the home, the church, sacred customs or his fellow creatures. He has no sense of his responsibility to others or himself. He—(But Friendship, who is apparently a youth, interrupts as he comes quickly forward.)

Fatherhood: "What Fatherhood and Experience say I find to be unjust. Of course Youth is not perfect. He often breaks his promises. He borrows without returning. He is sometimes quarrelsome and irritable. But he will help a friend who is in a tight place. He has signed lots of excuses and permit slips for me and he will let a fellow copy from his paper in examinations. So you see he's a pretty good sort of a chap after all.

(Dishonesty skins up, grinning like a Cheshire Cat, and holds out his hand to Friendship.)

Dis.: "Why, hello! I didn't know I had a friend in court. Say, (winking and beckoning) come here! I have a fine scheme for getting Youth out of this scrape." (They whisper, watching Justice.)

Justice (sweetly): "Fatherhood, dispose of those two, will you please?"

Fatherhood: "I shoo them away the sack of the small trousers, collar Friendship and takes them to the back of the crowd, where they slouch together and both are very miserable indeed.

Justice: "Everyone seems to have spoken except one. What do you have to say?"

Instruction: "I am Instruction. I have come to accuse Youth of mental sloth. Concentration and Application are terms unknown in his lexicon. Youth has no ambition or desire to learn. His mind seems to have been created for the purpose of rolling cigarette papers. The will to control his body or impulses is lacking entirely. He cannot refrain from the temptation of cheating. The—"
(Fear runs up and yanks Instruction's coat tail.)

Fear (excitedly): "Well, for all your big words you haven't said much. I'll tell you why he cheated (turning to Justice). He was afraid to hand in a poor paper for fear he would get a failing grade. If he failed he would lose his place on the crew. He was afraid I tell you."

Justice: "Little fellow you have unwittingly accused Youth of a great crime. He is evidently a coward."

(Fear claps and putting his hands over his face runs off behind the curtain.)

Justice: "Honest Recreation you have heard the case. We now await a decision from you.

Honest Recreation: "I am H. R. and file out. The crowd talks among themselves. Presently H. R. returns and remain standing. The spokesman steps forward.)

H. R.: "We have found Youth guilty of not playing the game squarely with himself."

Justice (turning to sleeping Youth): "Youth you have heard the verdict. The court now sentences you—to be given another chance."

REMINISCENCES

(They file out in the reverse order of entrance. The sound of voices gradually increases, the curtain rises and the scene appears as at first. Suddenly Experience blows a whistle and H. R. springs up and rushes out the door. Youth awakes, rises slowly and with hanging head starts past Experience, who has remained in middle of stage. Experience puts a hand on each of Youth's shoulders and says slowly, as Youth looks up, "Youth, I give you another chance to play the game.")

Curtain.

E. A. S. '23.

THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

The expected event had happened,
The ultimatum came
The United States would have to fight
A bloody war with Spain.

"To Garcia, the brave insurgent leader
Who will help against the foe,
Someone must deliver this message—
Oh! Who is the best man to go?"

Somebody said, "Why not Rowan?
For it is plain to see
Of those who could get to Garcia,
The best man he would be."

When Rowan was told of his mission,
Of the dangers there would be,
He simply snapped to attention—
"I'll deliver the message," said he.

Four months was the time it took him—
He took the least he could,
His will power delivered the message,
Just as he said it would.

This message is good in the schoolroom,
The playground, or in the home,
For each one of us must deliver
"A Message to Garcia" our own.

E. F. '23

THE MISTAKE.

John Orkney was a fine boy of eighteen and he was deeply in love with Marjorie Vandergelt, the girl next door. Marjorie knew of his admiration and had encouraged his attention. Often John dropped into Marjorie's home unannounced, and one evening as he was waiting in the dark at the Vandergelt porch for Marjorie, he heard voices in the nearby living room. He paid no attention for a while, and then he just had to listen for these startling words reached him:

"No, dear, I can't marry you, much as I'd like to. You know my parents would never consent."

THE MINUSCULES

Then a man's voice: "Well, my dear girl, that's a small matter. I've everything arranged for an elopement. Tonight at eleven I'll come for you and call beneath your window. Don't fail to be ready. We'll be away before anyone knows it."

"Are you sure it will be all right?"

"Certainly. Now give me one kiss before I go."

The young man spoke in undertone. The preparations for the elopement no doubt were being completed. John was fairly writhing in anger. He vowed that he would be there too, at eleven, and then he slipped away.

That night at eleven a slim figure glided through the darkness and "parked" itself in the shrubbery near Marjorie's window. Minutes and minutes passed and nothing happened. Day was breaking brightly when John slipped back home.

The next morning he was surprised to hear Marjorie from out on the lawn calling him.

"Did you forget our tennis match this morning?"

"We've done a little elope last night." I had done a very good conversation and you said that you'd elope at eleven last night."

"Oh, you silly boy! I was merely reminding you my elopement was with my professor!"

Was John relieved—I'll leave that for you to decide.

J. H. C. '23.

LA ÚLTIMA RUBIA

Juan Lavalle estaba sumamente preocupado. Su gran dilema consistía en lo siguiente: "¿Qué podría hacer con su suerte a la luz de las transformaciones rubias?" El oro pero cuando las personas rubias habían desaparecido de la tierra. Juan sabía por tradición que esa era la última cosa de 1850 A. D. había mujeres bellas con cabelleras que se parecían al oro pero y uno, pero después de la terrible invasión amarilla en el año 2000 el cabello rubio había desaparecido, se había extinguido, yéndose el solo lugar solo a los negros rizados de los habitantes de Asia, y los rasgos puros característicos de esa raza.

Y Juan estaba descorazonado pensando que su gran sueño de encontrar una rubia se le vino a la imaginación en el recuerdo de la tierra que él y sus amigos habían estado en el Norte de Polonia, y a menudo que halla había algunas mujeres rubias.

Juan no lo pensó dos veces. Cojio su maleta y tomo el primer expreso para Varsovia. En la hermosa metrópoli Polaca había innumerables rubias, pero ¿las de cabellos rubios como el oro? No, era una cosa diferente por perdida la partida cuando vio solo de un tiempo a esta parte, danzas con los cabellos color de oro. Su corazón late con violencia y la contempla con ojos extáticos hasta que él cae en un estado de vista, entonces volvió en sí y comenzó a seguirla.

Son tres meses después. De tan tiempo sale una patética mujer casada. Ella es una joven con los cabellos color de oro, el es... Juan.

En la noche del matrimonio y cuando todos los ojos rubios se miran en el espejo, Juan se acercó a su esposa y después de acariciarla y contemplarla extasiado las sus magníficas y sedosas faldas de su abigarrado vestido.

DE MINUS SCENICUS

rubia, le dio y que le permitiera apoderarse de una vacante de quello
cuerpo para como un recuerdo sagrado de aquella memorable noche. Y
ella accedio.

Con paso rapido y corazon palpitante se encamino Juan a su labora-
torio llevando en sus torpes manos los enredados hilos detantes de la
cable era de su esposa. Puso una retorta, puso en ella los cabellos y vertio
ademas en la misma, varios centimetros cubicos de su elixir magico. Lan-
ego, puso la retorta sobre la fuego.

Con una gran ansiedad y repitida enojarde esperar Juan el magico
resultado, la maravillosa metamorfosis, mas..... se le encendio el
rostro, sus ojos despidieron chispes, las piernas le flaqueron y cayo al
suelo..... El cabello rubio se habia convertido en negro...
era pintado.

E. S. '23.

THE FLAPPER'S HEAD.

If one would have the courage to try to dissect the head of a flapper,
he would first notice the outer covering which is very thick and resembles
a base ball covering, commonly known as horsehide. Using a highly-
tempered knife and the utmost precaution he would then pass through
that to the cavity called cranium. In this cavity he would find several
different compartments or divisions. In the one in the rear, would be found
several mirrors of different sizes and shapes. This room is known
as the chamber room. From this room is sent forth all power used to oper-
ate the tongue. The tongue of the flapper is the rarest thing to perpetual
motion yet discovered by the scientific world. In another one of these
cells could be found a heart, or rather, an organ, of all the flappers'
modern improvements, such as blood heart, genital, Russian boot,
recker of and all those things which the men "ADORE". In another
chamber directly behind the eyes could be found several mirrors of in-
numerable sizes. These act as a means of entertainment for the flapper.
When some object is seen through the eyes it reflects on these mirrors,
thus allowing the flapper to determine what object is confronting her.
The mirrors reflect all objects of light back through the eyes. This is
what makes a flapper's eyes sparkle or gleam like those of a frog in the
moonlight. Upon close observation we would find that the muscles are
a great deal heavier or coarser just above the ears, showing that some
heavy work must have been suspended from these parts of her head and
neck (at various intervals). Amazingly, the left side of her head is apparently
flat, and it is not far from this face we find that it is caused from cheek
chewing. Next we note the heavy jaw of the flapper, apparently having
been overworked by the continual chewing of "Beechnut". The teeth
of a flapper are of vital importance since from these source we gain all
our knowledge of the age. This is the way science determines the age
of those animals, which look what they are not. But after much effort
and with the aid of the most powerful microscope made we are unable
to find anything which in any way resembles the human brain. This is
easily understood, though when we see one of these creatures wandering
out of a drug store with her hair flying, galoshes flopping and a soda
fountain cowboy on each arm.

R. F. '23

THE BRAIN OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER.

After centuries of hopeless search thru Persian libraries, Chinese
universities and Buddhist writings to find a perfect description of a mas-

REMINISCENCES

terfal human brain on the Earth, I concluded the investigation with the determination to locate a perfect model, and contribute a minute description of an analysis of his cranium and its contents to the human atlas of Mars.

Once again I gathered together my steed, a rhinoceros, my cloak of monkey fur, and tablet and cuneiform stylus. This outfit came from 3000 B. C. to 1922 A. D., which, because of its hardness, changed my visage into alligator hide and my locks to Manila ropes. But I found my man, in a perfectly infantile state called West Virginia (the people showed poor judgment in naming their country after Eve's fourth daughter-in-law).

On a muddy, slushy, squishy piece of field were twenty-two little pygmies chasing each other around. Even my superhuman brain could notathom their methods or reasons of procedure. Therefore, I bowed at my eyelids and poked one swimming, kicking piece of human flesh from that field and immediately transported him to Venus for examination.

By the use of delicate instruments of my own invention, I removed the various sections of his brain without causing a cessation of life and when I freed my patient he began catching my sleeve, jerking, throwing and kicking these about, and uttering such sounds as "54-66, snat" signals over 99-73-21!"

Utterly ignoring him, I turned my attention to his brain, which under a microscope, appeared like an extremely mountainous country full of valleys and abbreviated rivers. (Environment had doubtless caused this.) I quartered the mass into sections in order that I might better examine the interior. Much to my horror and surprise I did not find an orderly, indexed array of material and knowledge on physiology, archaeology, genealogy, astronomy, pathology and theology. There was a slight evidence of a thin coating and a very shallow convolution pertaining to algebra and geometry. Yet these I passed as unworthy of any examination. That entire brain, layer by layer, was filled with four insignificant subjects, football, basket ball, baseball, and girls (whatever the area).

Three whole layers were devoted to football, and these proved so tough, tenacious and highly developed that they resisted my utmost efforts at removal. I found various subdivisions originally labeled, punting, drop kicking, line punting, open field running, signals, lock step, passing and receiving.

Two layers each were of basket ball and baseball, but these evidently had not been used for some time since they were of a very pale color. One of my Martian neighbors told me that the seasons changed the hue.

The entire central portion was of an intensely red substance. Three distinct cores passed from this directly to the heart through which the warmest blood was pumped. Likewise this rich matter functioned and beat in a most unusual fashion. Instantly aroused I hastily put the brain in a strong leaching potion. The blood was quickly extracted and I was covered that the action of the heart's blood in this portion of the brain was directly proportional to the sight of a feminine figure before the eye. Furthermore, when placed in a compartment at absolute zero the action of the pulsation was in no way impeded, proving that climatic conditions did not affect it.

Disgusted, I turned from my dissecting table and picked up my last newspaper relating Abel's defeat at Cain's hands. When I read the word

DEMINI SCENES

"Mteat" I heard a boy sigh. Glancing around I saw the football player of the brain wit and a succession of spherical, salty substances issued from the crevices at the same time the little figure had stamped in a corner, hiding his face on his knees.

Then a tiny dark haired face appeared in the brain and with a laugh the bowed form sprang up demanding, "Say, give me my brains until morning, I got a date tonight."

E. F. S. '23.

AN UNFORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

"Ruth! Ruth! Wait! Oh, I have such a wonderful thing to tell you! It's positively superb! I just know you'll be wowed when I tell it!" pattered Belle as she ran across the campus and up the steps of North College Hall where her friend was waiting.

"Well, gracious, have you inherited a fortune or what?" demanded Ruth, quite interested, nevertheless.

"Fortune? Oh, no! But listen! It's about Mae La ———."

"Enough! I know it is exciting. That Frenchy is always up to something, trying to make us think she's so ———."

"Well, wait, will you? Mae has a lover! A real lover, not one of the academy boys! It's one of the men in the orchestra that played for the Senior ball at Monday time! She won't tell who it is. He sent her the loveliest bunch of violets! Perfectly beautiful! And the most superb box of chocolates. Oh, you should ———!"

"Why I never heard anything so outlandish in my life! How in the world would Mae ever meet one of these fellows? They were from New York!"

"I don't care! If you don't believe it, all right!"

Belle was about to go into the hall for chapel, but stopped as she heard her name float over the campus. Again she heard the musical thrill and turned to Mae LeMar daintily tripping up the steps.

"Mae!" cried impulsive little Belle, "tell me about Mr. ——— or your—you—know—about the violets and—oh, you tell her, Mae!"

"How excited you are, Belle dear! Yes, Belle, Mr. Hanson sent me a splendid bunch of violets, but since I have twice refused his proposal, I hardly know whether I should keep them—"

"Proposal!" shouted Belle.

"Proposals!" cried Ruth.

"Oh, my dears! How little you know of life," said Mae as she entered the hall.

"Why, I have never heard anything——," started Ruth, but Belle was gone. She had news too good to keep.

During the following weeks the flowers continued to come, and the candy. With the latter Mae was quite liberal, the receipt of information about her lover, savior and would-be husband. She was undoubtedly the most popular girl at Miss Wyne's School. The girls regarded her as they would have a saint or an actual chorus girl who had dropt amongst them.

REMINISCENCES

Some days later Ruth and Belle were looking at a most beautiful pair of gloves. They had come to town with Miss Sarah for a matinee, and were doing a little shopping on the side. Having decided on a pretty pair of kids they next went with Miss Sarah to the greenhouse. Belle was specializing in Botany and it was always her delight to prow around "tended the pots" as she put it. Suddenly she uttered a little cry of wonder. On a desk in front of her lay a bill, for then for the moment casting a quick glance about her, Belle snatched the receipt and put it in her handbag.

On the way home Miss Sarah and Ruth found great difficulty in trying to join Belle in conversation. Ruth knew something was up, but beyond that, she could only wonder.

"Good-bye, girlyies, run along!" said Miss Sarah as she left them.

"Now, look! Oh, just look!"

Ruth took the bill from Belle and read: "Miss Mae Lomar, Miss Wyne's School. 7 bunches violets \$3.50, \$24.50; Paid."

"Well I never heard anything so outlandish in—," began Ruth, but Belle snatched the bill and was off, for she had news too good to keep.

"Poor silly Mac!" muttered Ruth. "By the time I see Belle again her treasures will have followed and taken."

THE HOLLER OF A SCHOLAR.

First comes Mr. McConkey
And he's welcome any day;
Especially when he glides around
With the teacher's monthly pay.

And now we have Mrs. Stemple,
Who said Latin wasn't hard,
But we formed our own opinions
By the grades on every card.

Then we have our dear Miss Wiest,
It is English that she teaches,
It surely is an awful job,
But the Freshies' heads she reaches.

Next is Miss DeBerry,
Who teaches us Latin in school,
We'd know the construction of each Latin word
If we could but remember the rule.

Yes, there is Miss Griffin
Whose smile, though frequent, is cold,
A deserved rebuke will be your share
If you fail to do as you're told.

Then too, we have our Miss Pantall,
Who chums with all of the scholars,
And sometimes she is late in the morning—
We think it's because of late callers.

ALUMNI SCENES

Another we have is called C. C. Arms,
He smiles even when he is broke,
For he's rich in humorous sayings,
And is always prepared with a joke.

Ah! Now here comes Miss Simpson,
So young, light-hearted and gay,
Who directs works for Senior clubs and the Year Book
Without any extra pay.

And when it comes to Miss Thornbury,
We surely would hate to fail
For we know if we do,
We shall have a date at the jail.

Then there is Mr. Welch,
Who no doubt, will need a lance,
To find the information we possess
About that long list of plants.

Hurrah for Mrs. Moore,
Who teaches the girls to cook
We're sure that her store of knowledge
Would fill many a book.

Our best wishes we send to Miss Glenn,
Who teaches us drawing and art,
Her skill is so great in these subjects
We'd hate to see her depart.

And here's to Miss Yoak,
Small, modest, dark and bright,
If you know your lessons off by heart
She's sure to mark you right.

We all love Mr. Wilson
Who teaches History,
And what he doesn't know of it
Surely is a mystery.

And have you seen Miss Spahr,
So dignified and stern?
And as for flunking students—
She doesn't give a "dern."

Here's to Miss Todd,
With her cheery grin,
She gives us exercises,
Till our heads spin.

And now we'll speak of other things
Down on the first floor, where
Selby and Carter make fine "stenogs."
And turn out products rare.

REMINISCENCES

And now comes Mr. Philpott,
Lots of knowledge do we gain,
For he tells us how to operate
The hammer, saw, and plane

Our new teacher, Miss Workman
We also must praise.
Her home is in Buckhannon,
Hasn't she come some ways?

Next in line is Miss Dorothy Jones
Rather small but quite learned,
The grades she kindly gave us
Were more than he had earned.

And here's to Mr. Chapman,
Who never tells a lie,
He teaches Math to anyone,
And science he calls pie.

Mr. Bates, after school one day,
Got tired of his desk.
He did a very devilish thing,
And went to a burlesque.

Let's not forget Miss Roberts
Who made our lives less hard,
But she changed her name just recently,
And became another's guard.

But lack of space here halts my pen,
So I must say adieu;
And leave the other teachers
To kindly fate, and you.

M. C. '23



Philosophy

REMINISCENCES



SEPTEMBER, 1922

Tuesday, 12 School opens. Infant brigade sallies forth. Where on earth did they all come from? Get your books, little dears.

Wednesday, 13 Temporary advisers announced. Woe-be-unto the Freshmen advisers. Everything is "Fair."

Thursday, 14—Freshie wants to know on which side the girls' study hall is to be found. Physician summoned immediately! Several balloons seen in school. Oh, children you must leave your playthings at home.

Friday, 15—No chapel this morning. An impossible task to get all students together this afternoon. No Fair.

Monday, 18—Regular classes today. Seems like old times. Freshie wanted to know what time the recess bell rang.

Tuesday, 19—Bible study the latest thing. On account of new rules the 2:50 study halls are overflowing. Some parked on the radiators, others swinging from the lights.

Wednesday, 20—Cadman Choral Club officers elected. N'other fight off our hands.

Thursday, 21—Mr. Wilson asked in Civics class today if "Sister Spahr" had used all the chalk? Gee! Watch out Mr. Wilson! Miss Spahr said she wanted to adopt Virginia Lee she liked her so much.

Friday, 22—First chapel. Looks as though we are celebrating St. Patrick's Day, there are so many Freshies. Expected Mr. Arms to announce the first song as Lohengrin's, "Bridal March."

Monday, 23—Latest fad among the Senior girls is "ears and earring." Fooled you, didn't they boys?

OCTOBER, 1922.

Monday, 2—Merciful kittens! Miss Griffin isn't here. Bad news travels fast, as there seems to be a mad rush to the library.

Tuesday, 3—Band practice. Sounds as though each is playing from different pieces of music. Why has everyone extra reference work?

Wednesday, 4—Freshie asks assistant librarian for a book with pretty girls in it. Asst.—"Sorry, but it isn't out yet. Another "Pep" meeting today.

Friday, 6—Miss Griffin asks assistant librarian if she will help him find the "Pilgrim's Progress." Some Seniors are worse to control than the others.

Friday, 6—Freshies immediately began to smell smoke while Mr. McConkey was giving specific directions for fire drill. Silence reigns o'er third floor; Miss Griffin has returned.



DEMINI SCENARIOS

Saturday, 7 Shinnston vs. W. I. A regular walkaway. But wait 'til next Saturday; can we smile then?

Monday, 9—The group called Seniors must remain anarchists, as "estat gott" is not permitted yet. No Senior class meeting as yet. Senior clubs organized Dramatic and Canterbury. No, Freshies; you can't join everything!

Tuesday, 10—Charles Wilson, an old grad of '21, after being quite swept off his feet at seeing our youthful and attractive new French teacher, asked me if there was any available space in the new 11:15 class, as he just knew he could learn under her supervision.

Wednesday, 11 Cadman Choral Club practice at 3:35. Boys' Glee Club in the evening. "Professor" very busy removing the "fuss" from several voices.

Thursday, 12—Yea, Senior class meeting this afternoon! Officers nominated, but not elected as Bill Reep stuffed the ballot. Old President of '22 probably singing the old familiar song "There's No Place Like Home."

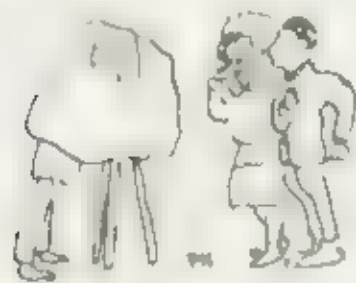
Friday, 13—What a relief it is the 13th today and not tomorrow. Nice long chapel; oh, how we love 'em! Quartet sang "I Ain't Nobody's Darling," but it isn't their fault. Rev. Turner said if you don't succeed the first time, try, try again. Remember that Howard Best "pep" meeting of the year this afternoon.

Saturday, 14—Rumored that Mr. McConkey and ??? attended the Wesleyan-Salem game. Studebakers are nice, aren't they? (Why did Mr. Morgart buy two "Fads and Fancies" tickets?)

Monday, 16—Down with candy, cigarettes and lengthy dates! Fairmont 7—W. I. 6. Bitter tears wept by some Seniors. Nice to be laughed at by Fairmont's "feminine" cheer leader! Ooff! Tom Smith and Alex Osborne came up for the game.

Tuesday, 17—Bill Reep has a new occupation now, collecting beauty votes. Be sure Bill that you don't stuff the ballot. But "she's" not running, is she?

Wednesday, 18—Oh, Edith; don't you just love to get V. M. I. letters? Cadman Choral Club honored by the presence of Mrs. Arms. Has everybody seen the pictures of Johnny Wallis in his uniform?



Thursday, 19—Senior pictures taken today. Paul Stoneking in his addresses to the English IV classes today states very dramatically that every boy must wear the same collar and tie. Some collar! Webster Debating Club had its picture "took" today. Our friend, Jimmy Stauffer, beginning his ring campaign rather early, as he visited Miss Simpson this afternoon. Girls, absolutely no "giggly" pictures in yearbook this year, as Mrs. Stemple declares she will have a "fit" if we do. Please don't!

Friday, 20—Teachers' "freak day," (Round Table). Everybody in silent prayer, praying for long chapel and short classes. Was Miss Simpson fussed? She made three desperate attempts before she secured her handkerchief from the floor. Did you all see the "attractive attraction" for Tommy Arnett's gallant ushering this morning? Every Senior boy wishing he had something to run, if only a wheelbarrow, so he could "jump" classes.

Saturday, 21—A decided decrease in enrollment expected Monday. We played in Weston today! Score??

Monday, 23—"Speed" Reynolds said that if "Kit" Dennison had gone to the Weston vs. W. I. game Sat. the score would have been 100-0 favor of W. I. Oh, we see it all now! Which is it to be Natalie, Botany, or Chemistry?

Tuesday, 24—Bill Lowe wanted to know in Dramatic Club today if Mount Holyoke School was in Japan. Rather a distant thought! Sneaking of lyrics in English IV. Miss Simpson called upon Gilbert Sears, who meekly replied "Love," that's all I know. "I feel for you Gilbert! Why don't you try the remedy they used in "Fads and Fancies?" Started studying plays in Dramatic Club this afternoon. One of the



REMINISCENCES

"Seven Wonders of the World" appeared this afternoon, really it's serious. Leo Holmboe had his French lesson! First aid was given Mrs. Stemple immediately.

Wednesday, 25—Mr. Welch in Botany:—"When I was a boy, I used to get the resurrection plant—Maybe you students don't remember back that far, but I do." Oh, no doubt about that, Mr. Welch! The Cadman Choral Club photographed. Did everybody see the birdie?

Thursday, 26—Bobby Fulton wanted to know when the Seniors were going to have their group pictures taken. The Boys' Glee Club took its turn watching for the birdie at noon. Oh, Oh, ooooooooooooooh!—81 65 87 83 92 84 7000 99 30 etc.—Have you gotten yours yet? All ninety club students report on third floor, please. You all know the old saying, cream goes to the top. The first number on the Lyceum course. The Eckhoff Concert was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

Friday, 27—Everyone on edges thinking about tomorrow! Oof!

Saturday, 28—Sssssssssss—Boom—Ah! Washington Irving High School Team, Team, Team. Score W. I. —9; Wheeling—6. Eleanor Cope was seen rooting for Wheeling. Longest snake dance on record, but cheers for Mr. Arms and his band. —Oh—What a happy and glorious world! Va. Reynolds and Miss Simpson accept motor cop's urgent invitation to call at Police Station after the game and tell Chief Laco Wolfe about the ride out to the field!

Monday, 30—The smiles haven't died away from Sat. yet, as everyone seems so happy. "Speed" has a scratch under his one eye. She did (?) The twin on "Kit" Dennison's cheek. Well, well!!

Tuesday, 31—Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Mrs. Amon had to have her camera fixed after taking Jarvis Currence's picture. Take off your false face, I know you. Band practice again today; aren't they just great? Good morning. Have your windows been soaped yet?

NOVEMBER, 1922.

Wednesday, 1—Starting a new month with one casualty on our list. Jarvis, who gave you that black eye, or had we better call it a "White" eye?

Thursday, 2—"Everything comes to those who stand and wait." We had a Senior class meeting today, at last. Five Seniors had their pictures taken on the fence with one on a pony. Where'd you get the animal? Have you seen the sample ring?

Friday, 3—Senior freak day just wasn't. We were promised a long chapel if we didn't. "There's a reason." J. B. Jones, the chapel speaker, caused a mad rush of some Seniors to the newstand, by mentioning the good love story in the Sat. Evening Post. Miss Griffin wasn't here today. A grand and glorious "Pep" meeting this afternoon. "Speech, speech, speech!" One player said we were to cheer like ??????.

Saturday, 4—Which shall it be, sell forget-me-nots or go to the game? We decided to let the women sell the flowers and the kids go to the game. Wasn't the game just the most won-der-ful-thing you ever witnessed. My word! 27—0.

Monday, 5—The Senior ring committee had another "fight" this afternoon at 3:35. The boys seem to want dog collars. Woof! woof! The Robinson Grand overflowed with the crowd tonite as we vote tomorrow. Some students look as though they should.



Wednesday, 8—Bing-Buff!-Fang!-Smash! Rrrrrrrrrr—
crrrrrrrrr. Not a dog in the place! After
at 2:50. One girl on the corner saw a "ANGRY"
that her hands got cold. Oh, dear! Cat it was, how
nice?

Thursday, 9—Goo-mess, weren't the boys a mess
this afternoon because they thought they were missing some-
thing. Don't forget to get a posy before tomorrow.

REMINISCENCES

"Don't bring me pieces which is shoes as that I need. Two weeks ago I had meat and drum-sticks ———."

Friday, 10—Today, the day of days! Mr. McConkey said we'd all better go to the game this afternoon, as it might save our lives, yes and our "rep." WHEW! Were you ever in your life quite so nervous? ——— Gilbert Sears, said he most "expired" up in the grand stand. He wasn't alone. Well you can easily see what the State thot of Victory. She had 15 state police on her side and only two on W. I.'s and they rooted for us. The flowers were very effective, but nearly all were "squashed" by the end of the game. Victory's wonderful hired band came over and played with us, under Mr. Arms' supervision. Atta boy, Mr. Arms!

Saturday, 11—Armistice Day. It's a pity and a shame that Clarksburg thot so little of her boys that died "Over There" that she couldn't even observe Armistice Day. Let's hope that every person, man, woman and child, read the poem in the evening paper. Did you?

Sunday, 12—Wonder why Mr. McConkey had trouble starting his car at the corner of 7th and Lee this afternoon. I tho't he lived on Sycamore Street.

Monday, 13—A day without a good laugh is lost. Wonder if that's what Ervin Baker tho't when he discovered the rabbit's tail fastened on the end of his coat?

Tuesday, 14—Don't you just love rainy days? I do! The Glee Clubs must be going to have a regular hand-out by the looks of the bulletin board.

Wednesday, 15—Rings! More rings! The Glee Club had a regular Keith's act this afternoon. Ho! Ho! "While the cat's away the mice'll play." Messrs. Jackson, McConkey and Arms are "bon voyage." Miss Leachman has our sympathy, trying to control the office "buzzards."

Thursday, 16—Never mind, maybe 'bout 2010 we'll have something worth while. Why the stampede to get out of the building at 3:35? Oh, yes, there is band practice and there's no one here to direct them. Hornor Ave. residents were honored or otherwise by the appearance of our band parading up and down the street.

Friday, 17—Ring committee meeting this morning. Guess it's better on your system if you fight early in the morning. No chapel. They certainly trust us a lot, as they locked and most barred all the doors today.

Saturday, 18—Rain, rain, and more rain! "We've got a good team and we won by gum." Only sad thing about the game was that Jimmy Willis got mud splashed on his face!! Our faithful old band paraded up Main Street to the Sport Shop after they returned. Who said we aren't the best?

Sunday, 19—Guy Bradley and Byron Randolph were out playing football all afternoon. Dignified Seniors? Ask Guy what a "hop-toad" formation is.

Monday, 20—Have you paid your two pennies to the Red Cross yet? "Loan me a penny?" "Gimme a nickel?" Seems to be the cry at school. Let's be a hundred per cent.

Tuesday, 21—Coach Hite measures his length down the center stairs from top to bottom! Mr. McConkey hearing the terrible crash runs to the center stairway and very breathlessly asks "Coach did you hurt yourself?" Oh—Where'd you get it Coach?

Wednesday, 22—Cadman Choral members are practicing for their concert. There's one "free thing" for the Seniors. Mr. Wilson honored his classes today by a Civic test! Said we'd all be too excited to think the rest of this week. One "Prof" can read our minds.

Thursday, 23—Several Seniors were out "snapping" each other this afternoon. One of them waited patiently for "Speed" to come so she could get a-a-picture of him. Be sure that picture gets in the Year Book and not a memory book. In the 1:20 Civics Class today, Mr. Wilson wanted to know the price of a wedding license. Guess who gave him all the desired "info"—"Speed" Reynolds. Mr. Wilson said you got your "wedding" license the same place as your "dog" license. Well, well, who'd a thunk it? Chet Albright immediately began to figure which would be cheaper—a dog—or a wife! Oh those dear women! He said it took \$1.00 to get her, but \$10,000 to get rid of her.

Friday, 24—Extremely short chapel. Mr. McConkey had a severe cold. Mr. Welch very anxious to find out just why Avaligne smiled all during the last song "Believe

REMINISCENCES

Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms?" He said she wouldn't tell. Did you see the Grafton people being ushered around all morning and afternoon? Love sure does affect some people— We can't have a "Pep" meeting this afternoon again! Never mind we beat 'em 21-2. Snow, snow, beautiful snow! All the girls worried about Chet, for fear he'd catch cold. If you only knew what all he had on, you wouldn't. Thanks to several Senior girls who at least were polite to the visitors and didn't let them think that the girls were a crowd of discourteous snobs.

Saturday, 25—A few loyal W. I. girls solicited Red Cross memberships all afternoon at the various theatres and Blands.

Monday, 27—Ahem! Notice the new classification of the students:

Freshmen—grassy.

Sophomore—sassy.

Junior—brassy.

Senior—classy.

Tuesday, 28—Miss Simpson ranks as the ideal W. I. teacher. She didn't give us the test that she promised us. Let's take up a collection kids! Tomorrow—? Oh tomorrow!!

Wednesday, 29—What do they mean by making us come to school in the middle of the night this way? 8:15! An awful lot of drowsy, sleepy eyes appeared in classes this A. M. But the game—Oh words fail me!—The little bit of noise we made, sounds as though we "lost" instead of "won." Gee, this town will be well laid out if it stays as dead as it is now! But we defeated Huntington, that's the main thing!

Thursday, 30—Today we eat! Gang way!

DECEMBER.

Friday, 1—The Glee Clubs had their party tonite. Why, do you suppose, "Fred" and "Speed" worked in the kitchen? "Kishum" and "Nick" seemed to have quite a hard time taking away from the kitchen. Why, do you suppose, Bobby Randolph down at J. T.'s this evening? Yes, just what?

Saturday, 2—"Daddy" Bragg seemed to enjoy himself supervising the girls cleaning up the school kitchen this morning. Rather a nerve-racking score for the game this afternoon. 3-2 Wesleyan. Rain-Rain!

Monday, 4—Rrrrings! Everyone will be glad when it's over with, although some won't be satisfied! Slight earthquake occurred in the cooking room this morning.

Tuesday, 5—A bright Senior wanted to know, "Who dies" when he saw one of his classmates with a plain black dress on today. "Ignorance is bliss" as Rut Lee used to say. The roof has been fastened down again, all furniture rearranged, lights replaced and most everything in order now, since the grand and glorious uprising over the party Friday nite.

Wednesday, 6—Snow! The roof has been fastened down again, all furniture rearranged, lights replaced and most everything in order now, since the grand and glorious uprising over the party Friday nite. It is rumored a "dance" will be given very, very soon. "Watch out for the Pirate Crew!" The Glee Clubs are working very hard for their concert, to be given sometime this month.

Thursday, 7—9:00 English IV class. Miss Simpson:—Wanted dozen people to volunteer to recite. Seven hands went up! Another remarkable thing happened in 1:20 Civics today when Stanley Woods asked this intelligent question: "Mr. Wilson, can the national pike be made a one way street?" Everyone present certainly enjoyed Mr. Noah Beilharz entertainment this evening. Several Seniors listened very attentively while he described a love affair or rather a courtship.

Friday, 8—At chapel today, Rev. J. T. Crater gave a most interesting and beneficial talk that the W. I. students have ever had the pleasure of listening to. It would be the best thing that ever happened if everyone just tried to remember what he told us. "It's the margin of life that really counts." The Canterbury Club had its first party of the season tonite. Everyone was trying to join it this afternoon.

Sunday, 10—The "Runt Club" consisting of Byron Randolph, Guy Bradley, Robert Davis and Burke Warner had a very interesting snow-ball party at the corner of Lee and 7th. Burke stopped playing 'cause his hands got cold.

Monday, 11—Bobby Fulton entered Civics class late, followed by Beatrice Hall. Wonder why he had such a guilty expression on his face? Staff meeting at 3:35.

DE MINIS SCIENCES

Several Senior girls had their hair down their backs. Paul Stoneking said it must be second childhood. Guy certainly enjoyed snow-balling Helen all the way home. Have you been to the medical inspector? He told Clayce she had a broken heart. Outside of that she was O. K.

Tuesday, 12—Four, super dignified Seniors, Jimmy Willis, Helen, Chet, and Tommy gracefully left W. I. by the front door at noon today. Another good turn of Daddy Bragg's. The football men eat tonite! Real eats, too! A "Red" edition of the "Hill-top" came forth today.

Wednesday, 13—Several little pieces of maroon colored yarn are decorating a number of Senior coats. Chet said it was the "Royal Order of Macbeth." Girls, where is your blue yarn, for Lady Macbeth? "Speed" said, "Rave on Macduff, McNary will follow."

Thursday, 14—On account of the ice most of the students coming to school this morning were taking one step forward and sliding back two, so in order to get to school, they started back home!

Friday, 15—"How'd ya like't" was given in Chapel this morning. Only one thing wrong, it was too long, and it made our classes entirely too short. A few old "grads" seen in chapel. The Glee Clubs will have their annual murder, I mean concert, this evening. Best concert that has been given in W. I. this year. As Mr. Arms said this a. m. "The monie would go for the Band. (Where'd he get his "Wop" lingo?)

Monday, 18—An old grad of '21, Clarabell Hall, was married at 8:00 at her home. Xmas is coming, tra-la-tra-la!

Tuesday, 19—Rut Lee stayed in the office visiting most of the morning. "Force of habit," we judge.

Wednesday, 20—Dramatic Club stunt nite. Well, of all "coo-coo-ed" things, that was the "coo-coo-ed-est!" A number of stunts were extremely original.

Thursday, 21—What! You don't mean it? Yes, the Glee Clubs are giving a little informal dance at the Elk's tonite. How did they work it? Quiet!

Friday, 22—Bean Soup! Ain't Love Grand? The next latest is that there is no more school until January 2.

JANUARY.

Tuesday, 2—Ho Hum! Everyone was so glad to get back. We could hardly wait until vacation was over. Aaron Olier, peaceably standing outside of 1:20 Civics class flirting with the girls. Now isn't that just like him, though?

Wednesday, 3—Whew! Hold your hat. Every Senior begging, borrowing and stealing book report notes. Miss Simpson promised 5% added to the six weeks grade if you got 'em done by this week. Those poor encyclopedias, how useful they have become!

Thursday, 4—Are we going to have the es-teemed pleasure of long periods tomorrow! No Arms, no chapel. Daddy Bragg (not being acquainted with all the members of the faculty), very innocently asked Miss Workman what year of high school she was in, "first or second?" That's the "shark's elbow."

Friday, 5—Where, oh where, has our orchestra gone? Oh deah, it was like a ship in distress. Mary Ogden and Mildred MacNary visited assembly this morning. Goah, don't you wish we got vacations like those?

Saturday, 6—Listen, this is pathetic. Miss Workman went to the Gullis and the girl told her she looked so young she'd only have to pay 25 cents (children 25 cents; adults 40 cents). Now don't take advantage of that Mr. Morgart!

Monday, 8—It's cow-girls! (bell). An awful lot of sore-throats and sore heads around W. I. What's matter? Huh?

Tuesday, 9—Vain? Miss Yoak's hair didn't comb to suit this morning so she wouldn't let me take her picture for the Year Book.

Wednesday, 10—The Glee Clubs are in such financial distress, that they voted back their dues. Monies, monies, everywhere, and not a cent to spend." Oh, we poor woe-begone Seniors. Ha, ha, ha. The plot thickens! Explain this: Miss Workman Louis Sturbois out coasting on Mechanic street 'till past NINE. Miss Simpson and Gilbert Sears out coasting on Preston street 'till past TEN.

REMINISCENCES

Thursday, 11—Anyone seen Mr. McConkey? Helen's getting desperate trying to "snap" him. He just won't stand still, she said. We know who he will stand still for though, and she promised to get a picture of him for us. Now you'll be good, Mr. McConkey?

Friday, 12—Wm. S. Hart was represented very well in assembly this morning. Notice the red ban-danners? The orchestra played the very best selection it has ever played in all its four years of fame.

Several Senorita's hearts completely turned over during the thrilling "Sax" solo of Paul Thompson. Oh—Shinnston—Woof???

Saturday, 13—W. I. Grafton. Jarvis got something from Casey, didn't he? There certainly would have been no Jarvis if we had lost that game.

Monday, 15—Flu, grip and pneumonia. Pay no money, and take all three. Here's "Chet" Albright's new calling card:

Mr. Chester Gump
Lover's Lane
Not Afraid of Hammocks.



PT

TH

Tuesday, 16—Beware! The time is drawing nigh.

Wednesday, 17—Take your last deep breath, before the final plunge.

Thursday, 17—Exams.

Friday, 18—Ditto.

Monday, 22—Exams must have been rather soft, as we only saw a few that looked like they'd lost something.

Tuesday, 23—Mr. McConkey took his morning constitutional, running a dog around in the Girls' Locker Room. Poor "Purp" looked properly scared. Where—yes—where did Fred Brown and Ted Kemper get those all-day suckers?

Wednesday, 24—The Girls' Glee Club had a nice long walk before they "warbled" today. Glee Club was held in the Junior High School.

Friday, 25—Mr. Arms suddenly called home by illness. Do you suppose we'll have long periods tomorrow?

Friday, 26—Augusta Caplan directed the W. I. orchestra in assembly this morning. Rev. Graves spoke to the students. Mr. McConkey kindly requests teachers not to whistle in their rooms, as it is frightfully disturbing and undignified for faculty members.

Monday, 29—Does anyone know of anything unusual that happened today? Put it down and save it for next year, if you do.

Tuesday, 30—Senior Class meeting. Elected sponsors, and also dedicated our book. "Everything comes to those who wait."

Wednesday, 31—Rain! I'll bet Noah had his Ark built by now. Rather tiresome swimming to school?

FEBRUARY.

Thursday, 1—Hum. As Aggie says, 'tis rumored that both our history teachers are to wed soon. (Understood, not each other. Oh my no.)

Friday, 2—Coach Hite uttered six short words to the crowd ready to buy tickets for the Victory game, that meant more than all of Burke's Speech on Conciliation.

Monday, 5—They're here. What? Why the "Rings" of course. Now get out your "shekels," unim-a-they raised us a nickel or two didn't they? \$7.50 & \$4.25.

Tuesday, 6—Have you deposited your seventy-five cents yet for your Year Book, Seniors? Monies, monies, monies!

Wednesday, 7—Brr-rrr-shiver, shiver! Basketball men had their pictures taken in the snow today. Must have tho't all the squad were born in Scotland, having their knees bare in the snow pictures today.

Thursday, 8—Meeting of Senior Ninety Club. Whew! Don't you feel intelligent after a meeting of those clubs?

DOMINUS SCIENCE

Friday, 9—No chapel. S'matter huh? Junior-Senior girls' basketball game this afternoon. Juniors beat the Seniors 15-3. Senior Ninety Club pictures today. Oh yes, also our friends the Juniors. Some of our Victory friends were down to visit our chapel exercises. Umm-fooled 'em, didn't we?

Monday, 12—Lincoln's birthday. Whew! A Freshie asked one of the librarians if she remembered anything about Lincoln's boyhood.

Tuesday, 13—Day by day in everywhere, it's getting colder and colder. Bob Davis displayed his "wooley" "sockies" today. (With his knickers).

Wednesday, 14—Heber Mosby asked Miss Griffin if she tho't she was playing a game of checkers with him, as she moved him from one sea to another, away from other naughty boys. Now Heber, you don't need to return to this library until the first of March.

Thursday, 15—Oh my! In Mr. Wilson's 1:20 American Democracy class, Eleanor Cope said she wished she were a "boy" again.

Friday, 16—Good, we had chapel again today. The poor worn-out things called "Seniors" received a compliment today. We were called "the finished product." Some of us are "finished" in more than one sense of the word. Well, Mr. McConkey wanted to know who would be the first to "change" her name before the "dips" came out. No one ventured to stir! During a very—er—a—love-making scene in "When Knighthood Was In Flower," Bob Davis and Guy Bradley appeared to register "thrills" all over, while Heber Mosby sat peacefully through it all. Guy said he just couldn't help it as it brought back such sweet memories.

Monday, 19—Short recess was given the classes today at, well neither 9:45 or 10:30; just middle-ways-between. Some one got rambunctious in the office—huh? Luther Day, gallantly defended the modern "flapper" in his essay in 9:00 English IV, today. "Three cheers for Luther" the girls all shout. Another Rudolph on our hands.

Tuesday, 20—A certain upper classman, hurrying to her class this morning measured her length up the stairs. The faculty would probably appreciate that in a few of our "drones."

Wednesday, 21—Some members of Senior Dramatic are striving to partially produce some kind of entertainment in the near future. It will be "broadcasted" to all the large theaters in the East probably.

Thursday, 22—Um! Washington's birthday. The banks were closed, so Jimmie couldn't get the money out for the rings. Wonder if anything else will happen tomorrow?

Friday, 23—First order of rings and pins finally distributed today. Ah ha! Webster Deering Club was giving a party out at Englewood Country Club tonight. Oh! what are you going to wear? Football boys received their gold footballs this morning in chapel. Where do the "loyal" girls come in, as Mr. Jackson called 'em? Yes, yes, just what did Mrs. Stemple do on the streetcar on her way home from the party tonight?

Monday, 26—Only sixty-three more school days. Can you imagine it? It sounds too good to be true. If you don't believe it, count 'em for yourself. This is the calendar.

Tuesday, 27—Rumored that a certain "couple" of our esteemed faculty enjoyed "The Mikado." Yes, but just which couple? Our faculty are quite "coupled off" this year, n'est-ce pas?

Wednesday, 28—Corma Mowery ("Big Ike's" sister) said you could sure tell that school was nearing the end, as the Seniors were beginning to brighten up and look as though they were not completely "smashed." Quite a compliment.

MARCH.

Thursday, 1—Whew! Another month gone! Oh, how that glorious time "do" fly. Robert Fulton is evidently taking the leading role in "He Who Got Scratched."

Friday, 2—Miss Workman led the singing in chapel assembly this morning, in the absence of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Arms.

REMINISCENCES

Monday, 5—Quite a large crowd attended the Dramatic Club entertainment given in the Auditorium. Members of the cast of both plays deserve much credit for their splendid acting. Who could have played the part of the "bashful widower" any better than Hayman Stout? No one, indeed. The W. I. Quartet simply took the house by storm.

Tuesday, 6—Pins, more pins. The Dramatic Club pins came this afternoon. Another one added to Helen Mver's various collection.

Wednesday, 7—Short assembly was held this morning, in order that Mr. Russell might speak to the W. I. students about "Fires Caused by Carelessness." The address was well given, but all were horrified to learn of all the lives lost by carelessness. Cadman Choral Club held its first meeting in five weeks on account of the absence of its director. First regular rehearsal of the cast for the Glee Clubs' show was held last night.

Thursday, 8—The reports made their debut today.

Friday, 9—Um! A nice long chapel this morning. Everyone enjoyed "Sam's" singing also the other short talks. The orchestra "showed off" for the visitors and played a new march.

Monday, 12—Oh, what a wonderful day and to think we are "caged." The attendance in the afternoon classes, somewhat decreased.

Tuesday, 13—Jimmie Gaylord suffered a fractured rib from the wild rush caused at the sale of the "Hilltop."

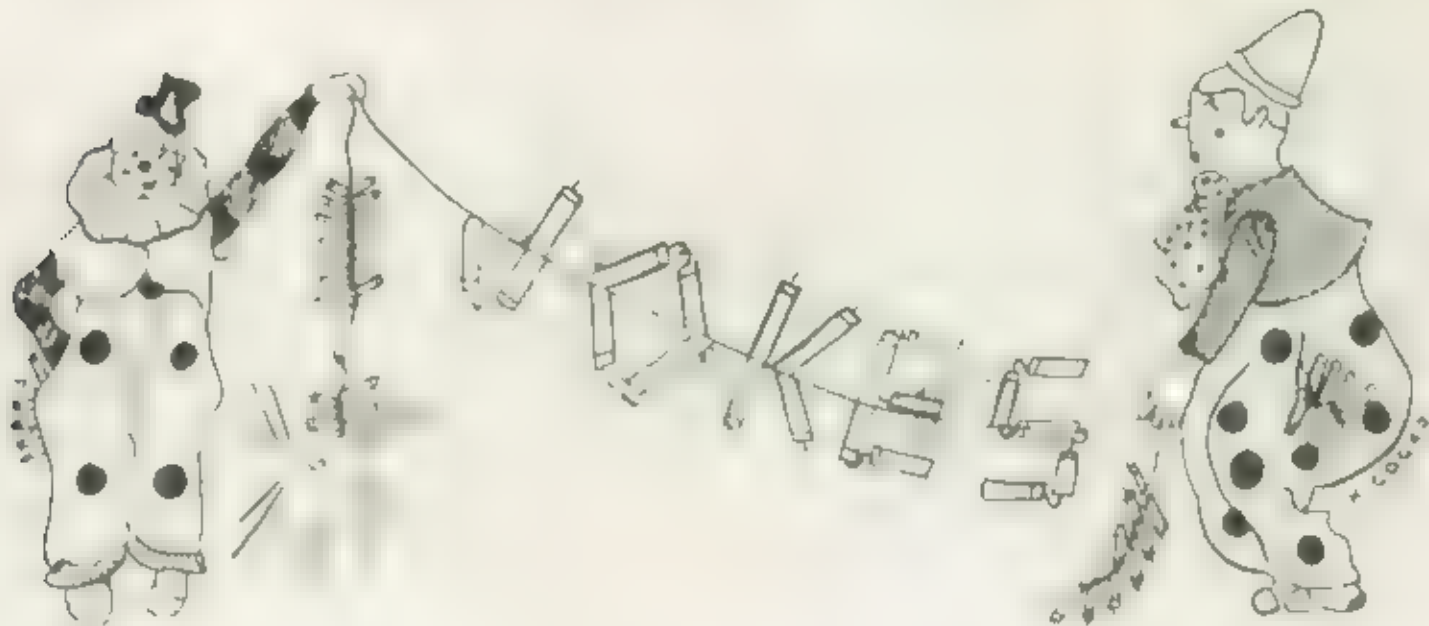
Wednesday, 14—Can you imagine an attractive brunette giving Bill Reep a white elephant to bring him good luck in the "tourney?"

Thursday, 15—Some patiently waited in the hall to bid Coach Hite the "best of luck" and he suddenly goes down the back stairs. Boo Hoo! Everyone leaves today, team, n'everything, so here's where we quit!

"Au revoir pour cetta annee!"



DE MINUS SCENARIOS



Fond Parent: "My son don't know what to do about his Latin. He's afraid he can never pass it."

Listener: "Well, why doesn't he study it?"

Fond Parent: "That might be a good plan; he never thought of that."

"Be frank, now and tell me when you want me to go."

"Let's not discuss the past."

Miss Simpson (discussing Chaucer's prologue): "Is there any bird that sleeps with open eye?"

Ted Kemper: "Yes, a jail bird."

He: "What kind of leather makes the best kind of shoes?"

She: "I don't know, but banana skins make good slippers."

First Farmer: "Say, Si, do ye think the constitution will affect the making of cider?"

Second Farmer: "No, sir. The constitution guarantees the freedom of the press."

I've studied my chemistry three long hours,

And now I'm going to rest;

If I should die before I wake,

Tell Bates I did my best.

Judge: "Officer, what's the matter with the prisoner—tell her to stop crying. She's been at it for fifteen minutes."

(More sobs.)

Officer: "Please, sir, I'm thinking she wants to be bailed out."

Ray: "Do you know how to paddle a canoe without upsetting?"

Arley: "Sure; keep your chew in the middle."

Jarvis: "Are there only three questions to this test?"

Mr. Chapman: "Why, isn't that enough?"

Jarvis: "Yes, only I thought I might be able to answer the fourth."

"You're a pig," said a father to his five year old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

Mr. Bates (to Poultry Judging Team): "We must get Mr. Welch to help us. He used to be quite a chicken fancier."

Simple-minded Student: "He still is."

During the grammar lesson:

Teacher: "Now take this sentence for example—Let the cow out of the lot.—What mood?"

. "The cow."

REMINISCENCES

Roy Ratcliffe (calling Senior Class to order): "Order, please."

Reuben Rosenshine: "Ham-m a-and eggs."

Mr. Welch: "If you had thought more about biology than you did about beaux and clothes, you would have been here Tuesday."

George Post: "Huh, I'd rather be out of biology than out of clothes."

A note received at the office read as follows: "Dear Miss Leachman: Please excuse my boy's absence from school yesterday, as he fell in the mud. By doing this you will greatly oblige his mother."

Jimmy Reed: "Say, do you know what is good to wash ivory?"

Jarvey: "Yeah, try a shampoo."

Four Ways to Address a Teacher

Freshman: "Huh?"

Sophomore: "What?"

Junior: "I didn't hear the question."

Senior: "I did not hear the nature of the inquiry."

"What is odd about a horse's eating?"

"He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth."

He was seated in the parlor,
And said unto the light,
Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight.

Va. Reynolds: "I want some powder."

Clark: "What?"

Va.: "No, wimmen's."

Clark: "Scented?"

Va.: "No, I'll take it with me."

In Virgil—Mrs. Stemple to Eleanor Sloan scanning a line: "Eleanor, you have seven feet."

"Say, there's a player out here that wants his picture taken."

"Fu'l face?"

"No, half-back."

Soph: "Did you ever take ether?"

Freshman: "No, how many points does it count?"

Irene (at football game): "Just look at their faces. How will they ever get them clean?"

Edith: "Oh, that's where the scrub team comes in."

"Are you married?" asked the landlord of his latest applicant for porter.

"No, sir," replied the dusky one, "An earns mah own living."

"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

Anxious Bride: "How does my nose look, dear—does it need powder?"

Absent-minded Groom: "No, darling, its immense, simply immense."

Teacher: "Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have a hundred years ago?"

Tommy: "Me."

Newspaper Photographer: "Here is a snapshot of the fleeing burglar."

Editor: "Fine, now go out and get a time exposure of the police in pursuit."

Mr. Bates: "Your recitation reminds me of the city of Quebec."

Kenneth Cogar: "How's that?"

Mr. Bates: "It's built on a bluff."

REMINISCENCES

Edna: "Going to Chapel?"
Leo: "Naw, I don't need the
go."

Lives of great men, all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

June White: "Hey, waiter, this asparagus hasn't any tips."
Waiter: "Oh, those are for the waiter."

It was getting late. Suddenly there came a crash from upstairs. "W-What was t-that, d-d-darling?" exclaimed the timid young Adonis.
"Merely father dropping a hint," she replied, snuggling closer.

Freshman: "I am trying to grow a mustache and I am wondering what color it will be when it comes out."
Ditto: "At the rate it is growing, I should think it will be gray."

"How can you tell the difference between a teacher and a student?"
"I give up, how can you?"
"Well, if there were only two in a classroom and one was asleep, the other would be the teacher."

"Mrs. Clancy, your child is badly spoiled."
"Gawan, wid yez."
"Well, if we don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller did to it."

Mr. Chapman: "That's the fourth time you have looked at Guy's paper, stop it."
Joe: "Yeh, but Guy is such a punk writer."

She: "What is the shape of a kiss?"
He: "Give me one and we'll call it square."

Sam (on outside looking in): "Look here, niggah, is yo in for life?"
Rastus (on inside looking out): "Not me, I ain't, jes' from now on."

Mr. Welch: "This class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Lawrence Davissan."

Ain't it the Truth?
Little words of guessing
Little words of bluff,
Make the teacher tell us
"Sit down, that's enough!"

Miss Deberry: "Give the principal part of possum."
Vincent Jordan: "Head, legs and tail."

Willie: "Pop, what are ancestors?"
Father: "Well, I'm one of yours—and your grandad is another."
Willie: "Oh, but why is it that folks brag about them?"

Life is a joke;
All things show it.
Look at the Freshmen,
Then you'll know it.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Leastwise that's what people say;
That's why we like our teachers better,
On the days they stay away.

Teacher: "Give three personal pronouns making a noun."
Bright Pupil: "She-him-me (shim-me)."

Mary Belle Owens: "I want a hair cut."
Barber: "You might as well have them all cut, the price is the same."

Heard at Grafton game:
"It's late. Where's the Varsity? Can't Jim Willis get his hair parted?"

DEMI SCIENCE

THE DAILY RUSH

VOL. III. 1923 WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL—1923 NO. 1

UNITED STATES TO JOIN LEAGUE

Clarksburg, W. Va., Dec. 8, 1923

After a hot and furious debate at Webster, the affirmative side won on the question of joining the League of Nations. The debate was marked by hisses and catcalls from the spectators and furious denunciation of the opposing side by the affirmative. President Harding, when interviewed, had nothing to say. Statesmen consider the situation very grave. It is not definitely known what result this will have on the foreign money market, but our advice to our readers would be to hold on to their German marks, as they may raise 1-100000 of a cent in value.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

IN OUR MIDST

Count de Koin, a visitor in our midst, was interviewed yesterday by the Daily Rush. He returned from an extensive tour along the West Fork, and was enthusiastic over the frogs he had seen.

"Ah," said the Count, "what a wonderful bird the frog are. When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop, he fly almost. He ain't got no sense hardly, either. When he sits, he sit on what he ain't almost got."

The Count plans to travel through New York, Parkersburg, Salem, Bridgeport and other large American cities.

WEATHER

Wet in spots, dry in others. Warmer or colder in the near future. It may rain or snow.

LOCAL PRODIGY AND FORMER

W. I. ATHLETE ACCEPTS POSITION

Perceal Newman, after a conference with athletic authorities, has taken the position of head coach of Peel Tree University. Many of the friends of Mr. Newman think, that now he has taken over the reins, Peel-Tree will stand a chance in the Marble Tourney.

KID WOODROW VS.

BATTLING GOOSEBERRY

From Ringside. Kid Woodrow and Battling Gooseberry met in their scheduled 15 round bout. Owing to the fact that Referee Bates was delayed, the bout did not start on time, but when it did start, it made up for lost time. Gooseberry was knocked out by the interference of Patrolman McConkey, who stopped the fight. This is the only thing that stopped Woodrow from being knocked out. However, as the fight was interrupted, all bets were called off.

Madam: "Put plenty of nuts in the cake."

Cook: "I'll crack no more nuts today, me jaw hurts me already."

Brightness: "Say, do you know the technical name for snoring?"

Dumbell: "No, what is it?"

Brightness: "Sheet music."

REMINISCENCES

W. I. H. S.

GRAVES' FRECKLE ERADICATOR

Testimonial

Before using Graves' Freckle Eradicator I had 1000 freckles, now after using 13 bottles, I have only 500.—Nellie Young

UNSOLICITED LETTER TO KARO-CORN SYRUP COMPANY

Dear Sirs:—Your syrup is no good. I have drunk nine bottles and my corns are no better.

Paul Stoneking.

READ A GOOD POEM DAILY!

EXCELSIOR'

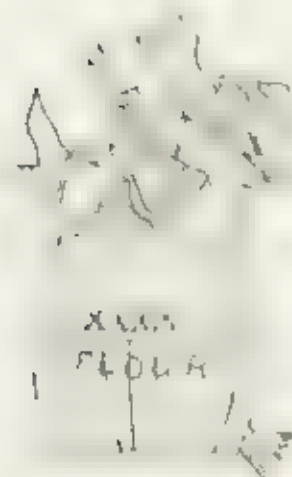
The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool "stepped on it," and rushed
past,

A crash! He died without a sound,
They opened up his head and found:

EXCELSIOR

Fresh: "Say, teacher, if a lad has a
step-ladder, is the boy a step-lad-der?"

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER



When Knighthood
was
in flower

Showing

at the

GILLIS

NEW SOCIETY FORMED

A new society has just been formed. It was decided to call the organization, the Shining Light Society. The following officers were chosen:

President—Elma Little
Vice-Pres.—William Pierce
Secretary—Pauline Haynes
Treasurer—Reginald Wheelock
Advisor—Miss Helen DeBerry
Colors—Red Brick
Flower—Carrot.

Motto—"Roses are red, violets are blue,
our heads are red,

Don't you wish yours was
too?"

SONG HITS AND THOSE HIT

Georgette, Georgette (I'm wild about
you). Joe Windon.

Everybody Step. "Mac."

I'm Just Wild About Harry (Hull).

Mazolene Harris.

How Many Times (have I told you to
keep still). Miss Griffin.

Schoolhouse Blues. W. I. H. S.

Say It With Music.

W. I. H. S. Orchestra

The Sneak. George Riley.

Three O'clock In The Morning.

Night before Exam.

Gin, I Love You. Joe Mallory.

Lovin' Sam. Tom Arnett, Elma Stout.

I Hold Her Hand, and She Holds Mine.

Imagine.

Smiles. Clayce Kishbaugh.

Who'll Take My Place?

Merrill Reynolds.

You Remind Me of My Mother.

Mr. Morgart, Miss Workman.

I Gave You Up, Just Before You Threw
Me Down. Rith Smiley—James Willis.

OBITUARY

Here lies Jonathan Steele— Good

And upright citizen,

Weighed 311 pounds,

Open Wide Ye Golden Gates.

PLUMINISCEINOLS

W. I. H. S.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Book of lessons on how to drive car one-handed. Reason for selling, owner doesn't need it any more.—Mr. Welch.

Half dozen pair silk stockings for pair of long earrings.—Fanny Helmick.

A Piano by a young lady with mahogany legs.—Apply, Kelly Miller.

Fine collection of Hotel Teaspoons. No two alike. Finest collection in state.—James Reed.

Engagement ring or will trade for shotgun.—Guy Bradley.

FOR SALE OR GIVE AWAY

My terrible long legs so that I can sleep in peace.—William Reep

WANTED

A history teacher.—Jarvis Currence.

Somebody to take my place as mother's little boy.—Ervin Baker.

A hero. One that powders his finger nails and is real nice.—Helen Crile.

My Baby.—Harold Smith

A bottle, a stick of candy and a Kiddie Car. Must be reasonable price.—Robert Davis.

A good cure to keep one from always arguing.—Burke Warner, Clyde Ash.

Tried and true remedy for Corpulency.—Martha Wooddell, Clayce Kishbaugh.

A husband. Must be tall and fair and must be used to looking on bright side of life.—Virginia Reynolds.

A capable woman to see that I do not get hurt, going to and from school.—Howard Alltop.

LOST

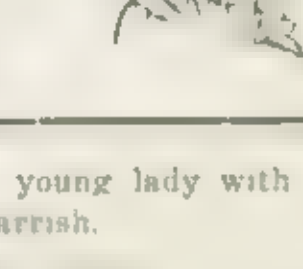
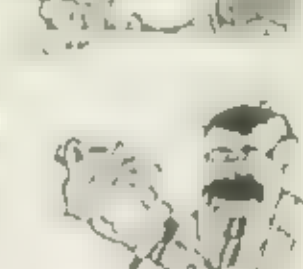
My reputation. Finder please return to Hayman Stout and receive reward.

To
Have
and
To
Hold

Coming
to the
ORPHEUM

MINUTE MOVIES

—
—
—



An umbrella by a young lady with an ivory head.—Vera Parrish.

FOUND

One pink garter. Owner can have same by proving ownership and paying for this ad.—Kenneth King

Don't kill your wife. Let us do your dirty work.—Star Laundry.

DEFINING SCENARIOS

Miss Dunn: "Give the superlative of low."

Larry Hull: "Low, dim, out."

Mrs. Johnson (calling at bedroom door): "Eight o'clock, eight o'clock."

Lee ((sleepily)): "Did you? Better call a doctor."

Clayce Kishbaugh (entering chapel for first time, as a Senior): "This is the first time I ever felt as big as I really am."

Bob Davis: "Look at the color of my new tie."

James Wilax: "That's not the tie, that's gravy."

Tom Arnett: "Mrs. Ogden, have Bul Reep sit on the floor, so we can see the blackboard."

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly, "they were hardly words for a gentleman to hear."

"Ah," said the lawyer, "then whisper them to the judge."

Father (from upstairs): "It's about time for the young man to go home, Helen."

Young Man: "Your father is a crank."

Father (overhearing): "Well, when you don't have a self-starter, a crank comes in mighty handy."

Mistress: "Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning, have frog's legs?"

Nora: "Sure, I dunno. He wore pants."

Mr. Chauman: "Is there any liquid known that will not freeze?"

Fred Goff: "Sure, hot water."

Louis Sturbols: "Nice suit you have on."

Ralph Holden: "Yeah, it's one of them dynamo suits."

Louis: "How's that?"

Ralph: "Sure, it's charged."

Teacher: "Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

Student: "Yes, sir; the loose-leaf system used in the garden of Eden."

Mirth Kuhl: "Miss Simpson, I couldn't find Chapter VI in that book."

Miss Simpson: "Some Seniors don't know the difference between VI and IV."

Jarvis: "I do, IV is poison."

Mr. Bates: "Where do bugs go in winter?"

Howard Alltop: "Search me."

In civics class (discussing capital punishment):

Eleanor Cope: "Well, I'd rather be electrocuted, than anything else."

Jarvis: "Oh, how shocking."

Mr. Morgart (to Reuben Rosenshine, eating from a sack of peanuts): "Up where I came from, we used to use peanuts to fatten the hogs."

Reuben: "That so? Here, have some."

An Irishman and his wife were at the theatre for the first time. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" on the curtain, "Faith, Pat, and what does "Asbestos" on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Maggie, don't show your ignorance, that is Latin for 'Welcome.'"

Mrs. Phillips: "John, dear, you'd better not go out to the dance this wet night; your goloshes leak."

John: "That's all right, I have pumps in them."

REMINISCENCES

Stude: "You're a post graduate student, aren't you?"

Senior: "No, I'm only a Senior. What makes you ask?"

Student: "I don't see how you could get that shirt so dirty in only four years."

HER FOOTBALL HERO

He met her on the street one day.

And in tones of great alarm,

"Jack, they told me in the game

Today you broke your arm."

He calmed her tender groundless fear

In gentleness and haste,

And just to prove the truth of it,

He slipped it round her waist.

And nestling snuggle there

She looked up in his face,

"That's great," she said, "not broken,

Or even out of place."

Kit: "Whenever I see Speed playing football, I imagine he is calling on me."

Helen: "Why, does he make a football out of you?"

Kit: "No, but he breaks through my interference."

Mac was very angry: "So you confess that you helped carry this young man to the automobile, do you? Now, what part did you take in this affair?"

Paul Thompson (very meekly): "The right leg, sir."

Louis Shinn: "Wonder what we will wear in Heaven?"

Fanny: "I know what I will wear if I see you there."

Louis: "What?"

Fanny: "A surprised look."

A teacher asked her class the meaning of the word "furlough."

Jack held up his hand and said, "It means mule, it says so here in the book."

The teacher asked for the book, and Jack found for her the picture of a soldier sitting on a mule.

Below the picture was written, "Going Home on His Furlough."

"Hello, I want to order a box for tomorrow."

"What size?"

"There will be six of us."

"But they come in single sizes only—we'll have to have it made special."

"Is this the Opera House?"

"No, this is the undertaker!"

Sam: "Say, what does a man get when he marries a widow with two children?"

Harold Merkle: "I dunno, what?"

Sam: "A second hand Lizzie and two runabouts."

"Pa, what is preparedness?"

"Preparedness, my son, is the act of wearing spectacles to breakfast, when you know that you are going to have grapefruit."

"But, your fiance has such a small salary, how are you going to live?"

"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without such a lot of things that Jack needs."

Miss Pantall: "If Shakespeare were alive to day, would he be considered a remarkable man?"

James Woodzell: "I'll say so. He would be 200 years old."

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Have worked as hard as hard can be,
We've kept our fingers nimbly going,
In sun or rain or when it's snowing
Our minds have always been a-working
And not a one was ever shirking,
We've manufactured jokes galore,
That you may laugh, then laugh some
more

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Edw. Gregory '24 "Peggy"

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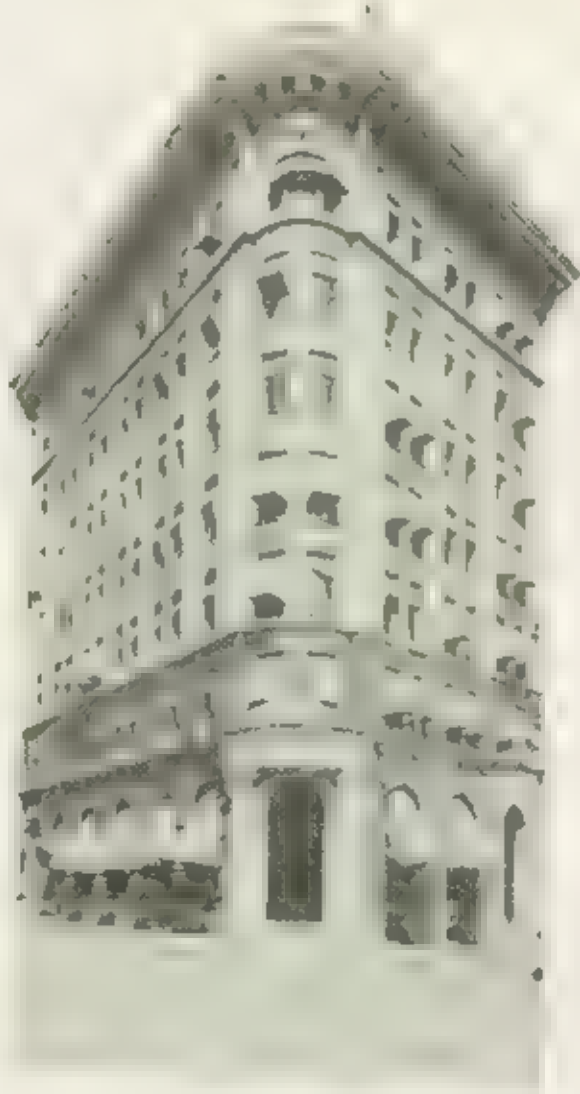
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The home-making service of the "People's" is available alike to those of very modest means and to those of unlimited wealth.

Value comparisons will convince you also that actual saving can be effected here.

The PEOPLES FURNITURE STORE

"We Turn a House Into a Home"

TIMBERLAKE BUILDING.

WEST MAIN STREET.

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The Cream of All Ice Creams.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISING

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The New Six 40

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Sport Touring

Built for the great
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hugs the road.

(Dealer's Name and Address)

Butler & McCall, Inc., 117 N. Main St., S. A.
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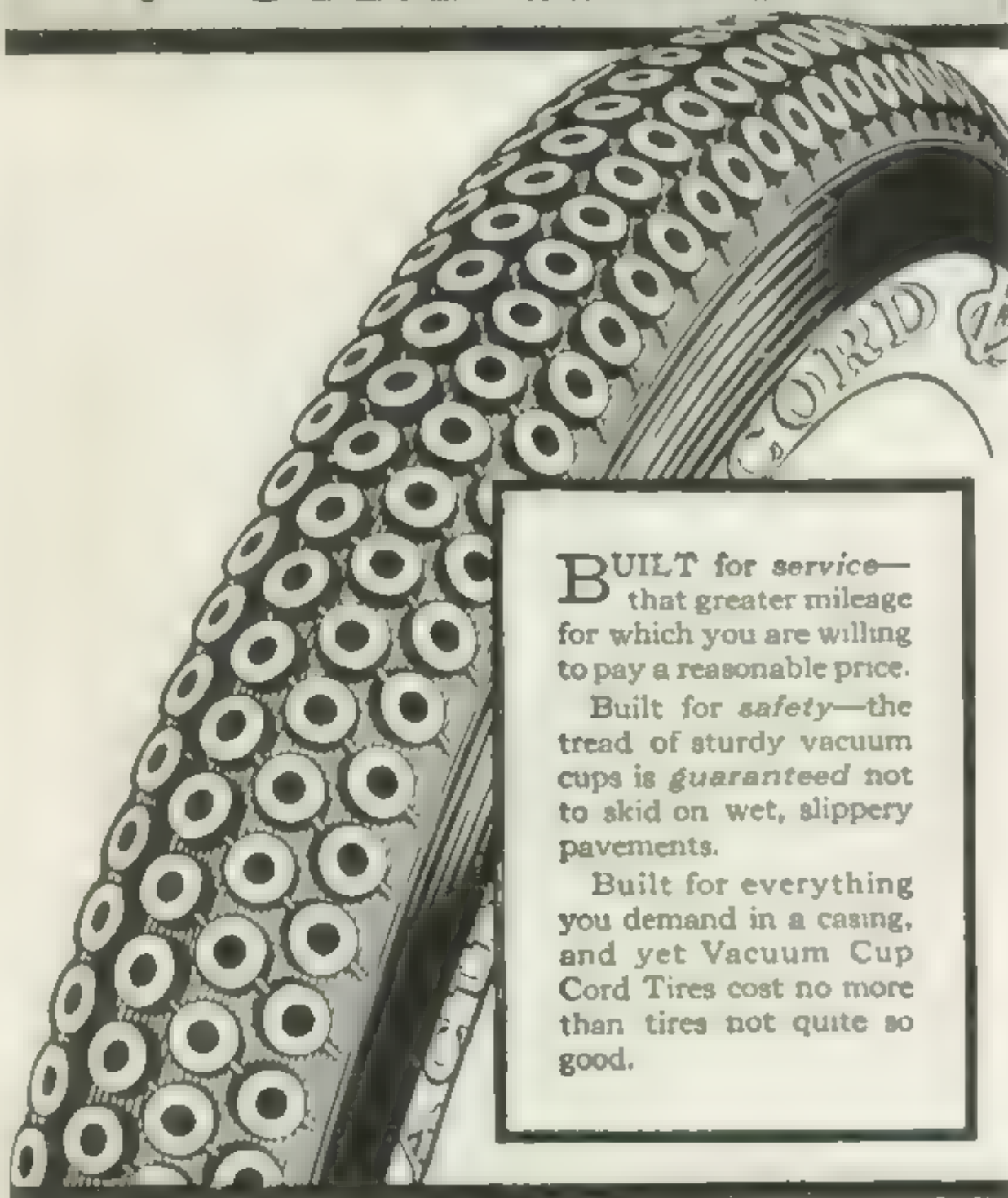
100 W. Main St. Clarksburg, W. Va.

MAX ROSE, Prop.

We take a certain measure of
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have been the favorite of the well-
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BUILT for service—
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Built for *safety*—the
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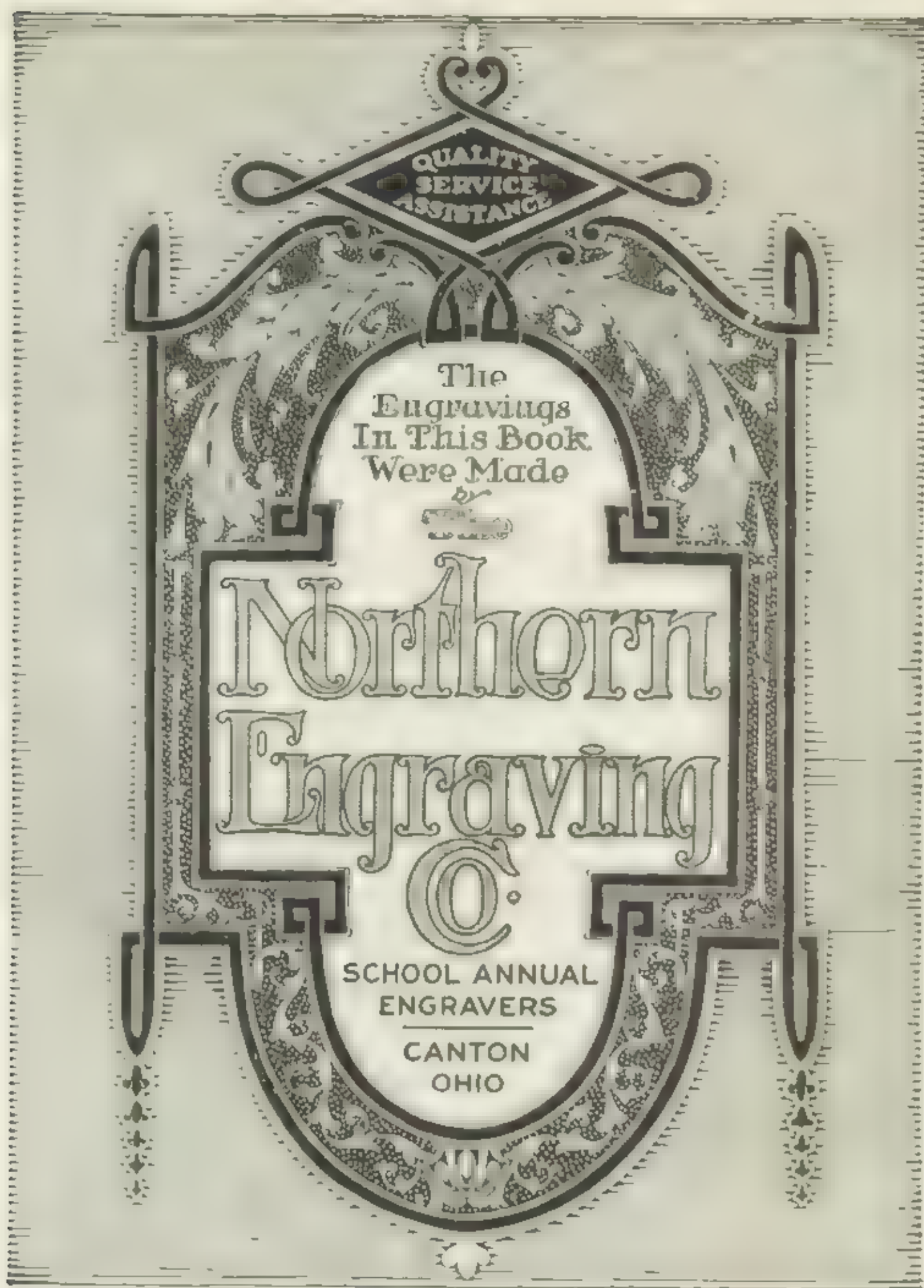
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you demand in a casing,
and yet Vacuum Cup
Cord Tires cost no more
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CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

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Waldo Tailors

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